

Clint Eastwood rides high
in D.C. and New York

Starch-blocking pills
spark a new diet war

Dallas' elusive Miss Ellie

Wow! A movie to steal America's heart

JUNE 28, 1982 • \$1.00

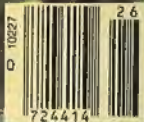
People

weekly

E.T.



Actor Henry Thomas, 10, and his
extraterrestrial friend



Merit Taste Stands Alone.

Extensive research confirms MERIT proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking.

Landmark smoker study confirms that the majority of higher tar smokers who have switched to MERIT have one thing in common. Praise for MERIT taste.

MERIT Solid Taste.

Nationwide survey reveals over 90% of MERIT smokers who switched from higher tar are glad they did. In fact, 94% don't even miss their former brands.

Further Evidence: 9 out of 10 former higher tar smokers report MERIT an easy switch, that they didn't give up taste in switching, and that MERIT is the best-tasting low tar they've ever tried.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



MERIT
Kings & 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 81

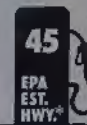
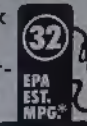
FEED YOUR FAMILY INSTEAD OF YOUR CAR.

For starters, our versatile Hatchback delivers penny pinching gas mileage. So you can make more stops at the supermarket and fewer at the gas station.

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And if that's not enough, our Hatchback is available with On Demand Four Wheel Drive, which lets you shift from front wheel drive to four wheel drive when you need it. Without stopping. That means you can handle just about any driving condition. On or off the road.

But it's not only where you take the Hatchback. It's also how well the Hatchback can take it. And for how long. According to



official owner surveys** and automotive experts our Hatchback comes from a long line of cars with a reputation for durability.

In fact, we think that's why so many owners trade in one Subaru for another. According to R.L. Polk's research, no leading import is higher than Subaru in owner loyalty.

It just proves that when people find a lot of value for their money, they come back for a second helping.

SUBARU
INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT
TO STAY THAT WAY.

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\$4,839¹¹

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11 THE R.L. POLK AND COMPANY 1980 SURVEY OF LATE MODEL OWNERS. ** TOTAL SUGGESTED POE FOR OUR STD. MODELS — NOT INCLUDING DEALER PREP, INLAND TRANSPORTATION, STATE AND LOCAL TAX, LICENSE AND TITLE FEES. CERTAIN ITEMS SHOWN OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

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We'll not only accept your Holiday Inn coupon. We'll honor it for a single as well

as for the two-person rate.

You'll get \$5 off a single or \$10 off a double. And on top of that, we'll give you our own coupon good toward your next stay at Howard Johnson's.

So bring your family, your friends, or just yourself to Howard Johnson's. And bring us your Holiday Inn coupon. We'll even accept it for the single-person rate, when Holiday Inn won't. Each coupon is good for one stay now through Aug. 31, 1982.

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**IF IT'S NOT YOUR MOTHER,
IT MUST BE
HOWARD JOHNSON'S**



JUNE 28, 1982 VOL. 17, NO. 25

People weekly

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- Clifford Irving is back with an uncannily accurate fabrication—the novel *Tom Mix and Pancho Villa*
- A roundup of new fixin's from country music folk includes LPs by Moe Bandy, Willie Nelson, Rosanne Cash, Barbara Mandrell and Mel Tillis
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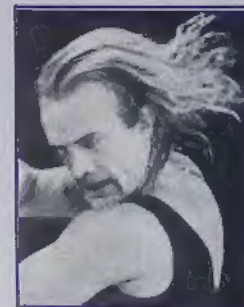
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Book Bonus: In an excerpt from the just-published novelization of **Steven Spielberg's** smash *E.T.*, the lovable extraterrestrial finds himself abandoned and bewildered in suburbia

Cover photograph by ©Steve Schapiro

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THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER

AN EXHIBITION

"...the show is rich in art and artifacts, gold, silver, marble, iron, bronze and clay, from the fourth century B.C., when Alexander ruled Macedonia and made himself master of Greece, lord of Egypt, sovereign of the great Persian empire, and began the conquest of India."

Smithsonian, Washington, D.C.

NEW ORLEANS
JUNE 27, 1982—SEPTEMBER 19, 1982

NEW YORK
OCTOBER 27, 1982—JANUARY 3, 1983



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MAIL

Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson

As someone who has never been a big fan of Burt Reynolds (PEOPLE, June 7), I have to admit that I enjoyed the article on Burt and Loni immensely. I have always admired Loni because she breaks the stereotype of the dumb blonde. Not only is she one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, she is also very talented and intelligent. Burt must have a lot more going for him than I realized.

Cindy Shafer
St. Louis

The article on Burt Reynolds was one of the most fascinating and insightful in a long time. He's a man who not only can romance a woman but also can end a relationship without leaving the scars of resentment and disillusionment that destroy memories of delight. If Tom Selleck is trying to play catch-up, he has a long road ahead.

Corinne Dianich
Traverse City, Mich.

Your article on Burt and Loni made me wonder if the writer had ever watched *WKRP*. As the sophisticated and forthright Jennifer, Loni was never a "gaga bimbo" or a "dizzy blonde." Instead, she made a refreshing change from TV's bumper crop of fair-haired half-wits.

David Abrams
Brooklyn Center, Minn.

Wayne Cryts

I congratulate Wayne Cryts, an American family farmer who had the guts to claim what is rightly his. I am a farmer's wife, and I have watched and helped my husband nurture a crop, harvest it, and then sell it at a price far below what it should be—or store it at the local elevator in the hope that the price will go up. Between the government, the weather and bad economic conditions, the family farmer is caught in a very tight squeeze.

The farmer feeds you, America! Stand behind him, support him, before it's too late!

Mrs. Paul N. Schnelder
Portage, Ohio

OSS Reunion

I wish to set the record straight. I did not work "with a British team to break the German code." One of the roles of

OSS X2 [U.S. counterintelligence unit during World War II] was to liberate and expand the information gained from the code-breaking through the arrest, interrogation and exploitation of several hundreds of German agents. This resulted in a by-product of significant value to the cryptanalysts in recovering a greater percentage of readable German messages.

James J. Angleton
Arlington, Va.

Angleton was chief of CIA counterintelligence for 20 years until he was forced to retire in 1974 in the wake of revelations about the agency's surveillance of American citizens.—ED.

Arnold Schwarzenegger

Arnold Schwarzenegger said that he was "always laughing at the American people because they never knew how to use the system—they complain and complain. I'm always seeing Europeans coming over making money and investing." Let me tell you, bud, Americans made you what you are in this country, and you should be thankful, not mocking.

Kristina Wetzel
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Arnold Schwarzenegger really hit the nail on the head when he said Americans complain too much and don't know how to use the system. How true and, sadly, how bad for our economy. Don't forget, the U.S.A. was founded by frugal Europeans and other "foreigners" who remembered their old countries with love and looked to the new with expectation, not complaints.

T.A. Brichan
Maxwell AFB, Ala.

Thomas Thompson

Please be advised that the 1981 TV production of the Hill case titled *Murder in Texas* was adapted from *Prescription: Murder* written by Ann Kurth, as well as from numerous interviews and extensive research. It was not, as you indicated in the caption to a picture of Farrah Fawcett, one of the stars of the show, an adaptation of Tommy Thompson's *Blood and Money*.

Preston Fischer
Executive Producer
Dick Clark Films
Burbank, Calif.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

THE ITALIAN YOU WON'T FORGET.

MARTINI & ROSSI
ON THE ROCKS
Winning. Worldly. Well bred.

WE'RE THE BEST GM EVER

75 years great.

GM has been serving Americans with great products for almost seventy-five years.



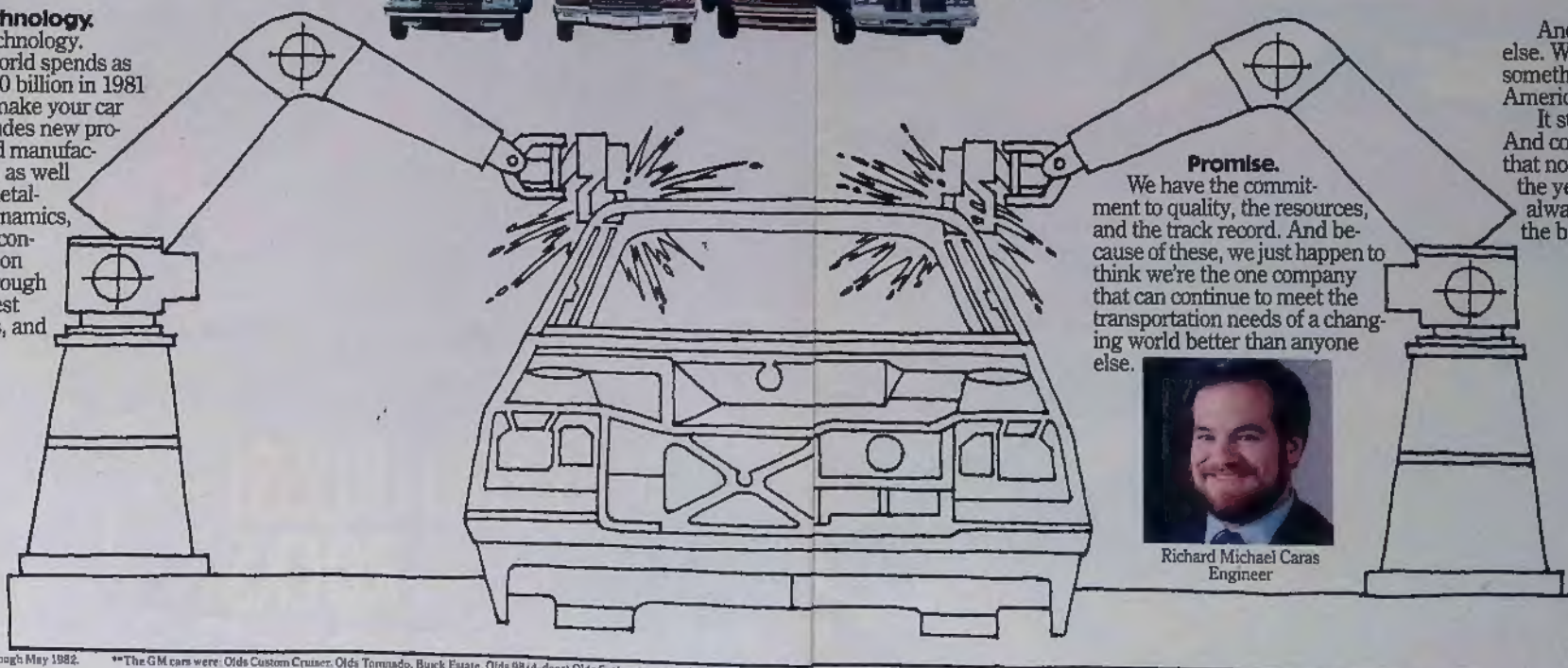
Robert D. Sexton
Quality Control

But even so, some of you might be asking, "What have they done for me lately?"

Well, GM's done a lot. In fact, we're not only the best, we're the best GM ever.

First in technology.

Start with technology. Nobody in the world spends as much as GM (\$10 billion in 1981 alone) trying to make your car better. This includes new products, plants, and manufacturing processes, as well as advances in metallurgy and aerodynamics, new power train concepts, and precision workmanship through the use of the latest computers, lasers, and robots.



7 Best sellers.

The result is that now GM has seven of the top ten best-selling cars in the U.S.*

Chevrolet's Chevette, Citation, Impala/Caprice, and Camaro, Buick's Skylark, and Oldsmobile's 88 and Cutlass Supreme Coupe are all winners, but they're just the tip of the iceberg, so to speak, of GM value.

We make all kinds of cars for all kinds of people. With all kinds of needs.



Fuel economy, plus.

Everybody needs fuel economy, and GM has done something about that, too. What with all the technological breakthroughs we've made, we think we now offer the optimum balance of room, comfort, and mileage that people want.

Industry leader.

We're very proud that in the latest report of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety,**

GM had the eleven top-rated cars.** The report ranked cars according to the frequency with which they were involved in accident injury claims and covered 1978-80 models.

We believe these results reflect not only our cars—their quality, size, weight, and design—but how and where they are driven. It shows that our cars and customers go well together.



A new kind of excellence.

And there's something else. We believe GM stands for something else in the eyes of the American public.

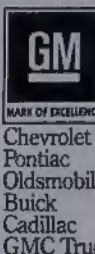
It stands for excellence. And continued excellence. So that now, next year, and the years after that, we need always to be: the best GM ever.

Promise.

We have the commitment to quality, the resources, and the track record. And because of these, we just happen to think we're the one company that can continue to meet the transportation needs of a changing world better than anyone else.



Richard Michael Caras
Engineer



Chevrolet
Pontiac
Oldsmobile
Buick
Cadillac
GMC Truck

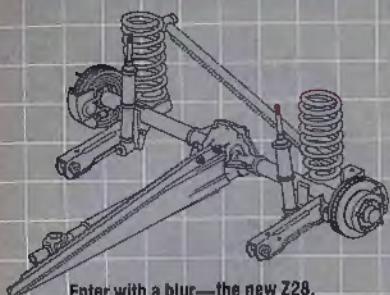
*Calendar year through May 1982.

**The GM cars were: Olds Custom Cruiser; Olds Toronado; Buick Estate; Olds 98 (4-door); Olds Cutlass (wagon); Olds Omega (4-door);

Chevrolet Caprice (wagon); Pontiac Bonneville (wagon); Olds Delta 88 (4-door); Pontiac Catalina (4-door); and Buick LeSabre (4-door). Source: Highway Loss Data Institute.

C A M A R O

Z28. SO NEW, ITS CLOSEST COMPETITION IS ITS SHADOW.



CAST A SHADOW ULTRASLEEK.

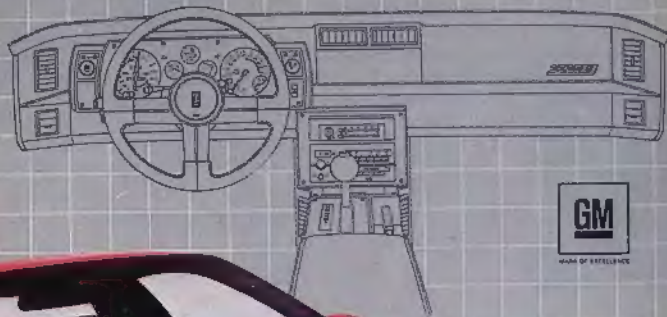
Consider: Even with downforce-inducing air dam and spoiler, the Z28 gets a .339 coefficient of drag.

A totally redesigned suspension, front and rear, has enabled the Z28 to generate .8g-range cornering power on GM skidpads.*

The ergonomically engineered cockpit looks and functions like an executive jet.

Enter with a blur—the new Z28.

This is an all-new Camaro. Styled to leave some fine 2+2 coupes chasing shadows. With lines cleanly sculpted in a wind tunnel and enough unabashedly advanced engineering to satiate even the most demanding technophile.



Chevrolet

The all-new Camaro Z28. It's a unique 2+2 coupe with an unfettered spirit, an uncommon style and an unusual capacity for enhancing all but the most conservative of life-styles.

Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

MAIL

Betty Thomas

Thank you for the article on Betty Thomas. I've been a patrol officer for three years, and it's been frustrating to see how TV usually presents police-women. Thanks to her character, Lucy, and to *Hill Street Blues*, we finally have a realistic portrayal. I hope Lucy continues to grow on the show.

Laura Lorman
Saratoga, Calif.

Father Ibrahim Ayad

A priest sympathetic to the murderous PLO is neither spiritual nor Christian. I suggest that Father Ayad learn to pray for peace and that PEOPLE learn to distinguish between men of God and men of terror.

Alice Goldberg
Baton Rouge, La.

Anza, Calif.

I found your story about the probability of an earthquake in Anza to be a very good and truthful article, but there is one thing I would like to clarify. We may not have the help of many firemen or police, but we do have each other to turn to. I know that when it does happen, the people in our community will bond together and help each other.

Caroline Kacer
Anza, Calif.

Ear on Washington

I was appalled that PEOPLE would print an article so filled with inaccuracies as the excerpts from Diana McLellan's book. One item was specifically denied to PEOPLE before it was published. I have never had a face peel, have never been to a salon in Miami and have never met Mrs. Stallone. I may need something to make me look younger, however, if I read many more articles like this.

Rosalynn Carter
Plains, Ga.

A spokesman for Mrs. Carter did refute the item. The owner of the salon, Sylvester Stallone's mother, Jacqueline, still insists her account is correct.—ED.

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors. Mail should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Wella Kolestral conditions deeper than the damage.

For beautiful hair.



Damage to your hair can go deep. But Wella Kolestral goes deeper. It actually penetrates deep into every hair shaft.

Blow drying can damage hair by removing its natural moisture. But Wella Kolestral contains highly purified humectants and emollients to help restore the natural moisture balance of the hair and scalp. It makes dull, brittle hair soft and supple.

Perming can cause dry, frizzy hair. Wella Kolestral reverses the damage by helping to build new

strength into damaged hair. So it looks soft, manageable and full of body.

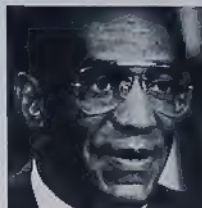
Coloring and bleaching can increase porosity and scaling in hair. In just one treatment, Wella Kolestral smooths out the scaling and improves hair's elasticity. You'll see a healthier texture and more shine.

So try Wella Kolestral, the deeper conditioner. It goes deeper than the damage to bring out all the natural beauty in your hair.

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Corporation



Wella Kolestral. The Deeper Conditioner.



Bill Cosby says:
"There's a Red Cross volunteer job that's made for you!"

Call today.



American
Red Cross

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings

People weekly Tube PICKS&PANS

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23

MR. HORN CBS (8-11 p.m. ET)

Grubby bounty hunter Tom Horn (David Caradine) chases down Geronimo, stopping along the way for a fling with a comely frontier woman (Karen Black), in a turgid TV movie edited down from the 1979 four-hour miniseries. (Repeat)

SUMMER AND SMOKE PBS (check local listings)

Lee Holby's opera is based on the Tennessee Williams play about a lonely spinster yearning for love in turn-of-the-century Mississippi.

NISEI LEGACY

PBS (check local listings)

Japanese-Americans are twice as vulnerable to heart disease as their native countrymen, and this documentary says diet and stress are the causes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24 THIS HOUSE POSSESSED ABC (8-10 p.m. ET)

Nurse Lisa Eilbacher brings home burned-out rock star Parker Stevenson, a ghost of his former self, only to discover that her place has been overrun by poltergeists in a TV horror flick. (Repeat)

SHIRLEY MACLAINE: ILLUSIONS CBS (9-10 p.m. ET)

Shirley dances, sings and joins guest Gregory Hines in one wily medley using berets, baseball caps, construction helmets and headaddresses. But the rest of this strained effort is tiresomely old hat.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25 WE DIG COAL: A PORTRAIT OF THREE WOMEN PBS (check local listings)

Prompted by the 1979 death of Marilyn McCusker, the first woman to be killed in a deep-mining acci-

Gregory Hines mugs with his hostess in the CBS special *Shirley MacLaine: Illusions*.



dent in the U.S., this documentary digs into the lives of Pennsylvania women who were forced into coal mining by economic necessity.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26 A SHAUN CASSIDY SPECIAL NBC (8-9 p.m. ET)

The hip-gyrating idol of the braces-and-bubble-gum set takes to the road for concerts and reminiscences, joined by guest star Lori Anderson.

THE DUELLISTS CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)

Keith Carradine plays a Napoleonic officer forced repeatedly to duel a savage and implacable foe (Harvey Keitel) in this eccentric 1978 movie based on Joseph Conrad's short story *The Duel*.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27 THREE EYES NBC (9-10 p.m. ET)

Detectives Ed Marinaro, Robin Strand and Michael Horton moonlight as nightclub owners in a failed pilot.

GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Richard Harris, Ann Turkel, David Janssen and

Burgess Meredith co-star in a 1977 movie about modern pirates who plant an A-bomb on a casino ship and demand a fortune in ransom.

THE TEXAS RANGERS NBC (10-11 p.m. ET)

In this failed pilot, the second half of NBC's Sunday summer sweep-out, an ex-Bronx cop (Larry Gilman) and a native Texan (Jeff Osterhage) track down three prison escapees in Houston.

MONDAY, JUNE 28 MIDNIGHT LACE NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Glamorous TV reporter Mary Crosby is stalked on the streets of San Francisco by a mysterious assassin—who probably got his inspiration from watching countless other TV movies featuring the same indefatigable plot. (Repeat)

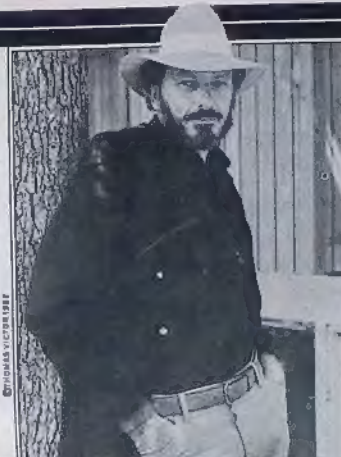
TUESDAY, JUNE 29 WHITE MAMA CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)

Bette Davis plays a proud but penniless widow who is forced to take illiterate street kid Ernest Harden Jr. into her apartment to meet the rent. Call it *This House Re-Possessed*, but the TV drama is sometimes touching. (Repeat)

Pages

TOM MIX AND PANCHO VILLA by Clifford Irving

Tom Mix was a silent-movie cowboy, much like William S. Hart or Hoot Gibson. Mix moved stiffly, and the expression on his face was more like that of a wooden Indian than a human being. Irving (yes, it's the writer who went to prison for forging an "autobiography" of Howard Hughes) got the idea that Mix might have gone across the border from El Paso, where he grew up, to join the notorious Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa. The result is what the author calls "a historical fantasy" about a young man in search of adventure at the beginning of the century. The pages are filled with bloody fights and the kind of violence that made *The Wild Bunch* so startling; crazed misfits maim and kill with random impatience, like children torturing insects. There are pretentious quotes from Shakespeare which add nothing, a lot of confused



Mexican history and an unconvincing ménage à trois of Mix, his Indian child bride Rosa and an older German woman. But Irving knows how to keep a plot humming. Readers who like big, preposterous adventure tales will enjoy this novel. (St. Martin's Press, \$16.95)

PETER AND THE WOLF translated by Maria Carlson; illustrated by Charles Mikolaycak

Mikolaycak, a graphic designer and illustrator, listened to 62 recordings of Prokofiev's classic tale for narrator and orchestra. He even took in those

Clifford Irving is back, this time with an admitted fantasy, the wildly romantic novel *Tom Mix and Pancho Villa*.

Did you say 1/3 less tar?

Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar
than the leading
filter king, and
still great taste.

PALL MALL
LIGHT 100's
LOW TAR • FILTER

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Pall Mall Light 100's | 9mg. tar 0.8mg. nic. |
| Leading filter king | 15mg. tar 11mg. nic. |
| Lowest brand less than | 0.01mg. tar 0.002mg. nic. |

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Charles Mikolaycak's illustrations vividly color a new version of *Peter and the Wolf*.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES MIKOLAYCAK

by David Bowie, Carol Channing, Tom Seaver and Natalia Satz, who suggested the work to Prokofiev in 1936 and narrated its first performance in Moscow. Then Mikolaycak drew the bold, colorful and witty pictures that grace this book. Peter seems a little old—he looks like a 6'2" defensive back at times—but the wolf is menacingly red-eyed, the peasants have personality, and Grandfather is appealingly grumpy. Carlson's text is superfluous if the book is used to illustrate a good recording of the work—one narrated by, say, Guinness, Karloff or Ustinov. (Viking, \$12.95)

□ DREAMS DIE HARD by David Harris

In what is billed as a "biography of the '60s," Harris examines the lives of three men: former Congressman Alard Lowenstein, the liberal's liberal who led the Dump Johnson movement in 1968; Dennis Sweeney, a former Lowenstein protégé who two years ago was drawn by madness to assassinate Lowenstein; and Harris himself, a friend of both men, a former "radical" Stanford University student body president, a jailed draft resister and Joan Baez' former husband. The account begins slowly, but becomes a valuable, surprisingly dispassionate look at the mechanics of protest. In

his reporting on San Francisco draft card burnings, for instance, Harris treats his material as history, not nostalgia. (St. Martin's Press, \$14.95)

□ SHABONO by Florinda Donner

Anthropologist Donner's account of her year-long stay in an isolated jungle village on the border of Brazil and Venezuela sheds a new, beautiful light on primitive life. Like her friend Carlos Castaneda, the Venezuelan-born Donner began by using conventional research methods. But then she made the difficult journey to a tiny village—a *shabono*, in the language of the Yanomama Indians. She studied the community by giving herself up to it: She ate grubs, painted her body, danced in religious ceremonies, and fought a neighboring tribe with a bow and arrow. Donner says she learned about love, nature and human dignity. She points out, too, that "the Yanomama, just like ourselves, have their biases; they believe whites are infantile and thus less intelligent." (Delacorte, \$14.95)

□ ON GOING TO BED by Anthony Burgess

From birth beds to coffins, this picture book offers reproductions in color of all life's resting places.



There are great beds with canopies, Queen Victoria's headboard, bunks and compartments on ships and trains, a Caribbean native hammock, Napoleon's camp bed, the beds in fairy tales (such as Grandmother's bed in *Little Red Riding Hood*). The essay that accompanies these lively, entertaining pictures is by the author of such tense novels as *A Clockwork Orange*, but here he is totally relaxed, tossing off bons mots and having fun. "The world is for the most part so puritanical that it will not accept the conjunction of bed and work. When the postman comes... at eleven in the morning, he says reprovingly: 'Ah, well, some of us have to work.' This is because he is in uniform and has been up for hours. I myself, though in bed, may well have completed a thousand words of prose by that time." The handsome design is a delight, making this a perfect gift for a friend who loves to lie in bed and enjoy a pretty book. (Abbeville Press, \$12.95)

Anthony Burgess' *On Going to Bed* discusses, among other sedentary paintings, Edouard Manet's *Olympia* (top), Suzanne Valadon's *The Blue Room* and Paul Gauguin's *Tahitian With Idol*.



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Song

Nashville's new musical duo, Gary Stewart and Dean Dillon, team up in *Brotherly Love*.

Some entertainers—Stevie Wonder and Fleetwood Mac are prime examples—go years between albums. But most country performers crank out at least one LP every 12 months. To help listeners wade through the C&W market flood tide, here is a sampling of what's new:

- **SHE'S NOT REALLY CHEATING!**
(SHE'S JUST GETTIN' EVEN)
Moe Bandy

People weekly PICKS&PANS

Bandy profits from an average-guy voice and a knack for finding wordplay lyrics fans can't resist. In addition to the clever title song, there's the sentimental *He's Taking My Place at Your Place*. Another is a tribute to Hank Williams Sr., *Hank and Lefty Raised My Country Soul*. Moe is ideal for good middle-aged boys.

- **CALAMITY JANE**
Calamity Jane

There are few successful country groups composed only of women; even the Mandrell Sisters are essentially a TV-made phenomenon. But this vocal quartet, a kind of Go-Go's South, possesses the spark and harmonies of such perennial hit-makers as the Oak Ridge Boys, the Steller Brothers and the Gatlin's. Individually, the four women who make up Calamity Jane have sung with everyone from Willie Nelson and Dolly Parton to Bob Hope and Andy Williams. But they blend nicely and mix their material, including a bouncy country version of the Lennon-McCartney tune *I've Just Seen a Face* and Buddy Farmer's *Pick Me Up*.

- **SOMEWHERE IN THE STARS**
Rosanne Cash

Rosanne, 27, makes another quantum musical leap. She's the new queen of country pop, if only by virtue of Linda Ronstadt's default. On Russell

Smith's *Third Rate Romance*, Cash persuasively conjures up passion—the one-night-stand variety. The title track is a tender love song Rosanne wrote for her husband, Rodney Crowell, a gifted singer/composer and producer of this album. *That's How I Got to Memphis* features a collaboration of daddy Johnny and daughter. Three songs in particular show Cash's maturation: *Down on Love* explores the underside of romance; *Oh Yes I Can* portrays a defiant woman under heart-break conditions; and *Looking for a Corner* is a moving Cash/Crowell effort about the "trouble

Juice Newton's *Quiet Lies* is a worthy follow-up to her 1981 hit album, *Juice*.



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People PICKS&PANS



California-born Zella Lehr shows a convincing Nashville sound on *Feedin' the Fire*.

when the ones you love / Don't know how to love you back." With Rosanne's broadened range—both vocally and in sentiment—listening to *Some-where in the Stars* is like watching the northern lights: eerie and magical.

□ QUIET LIES Juice Newton

Okay, maybe Rosanne doesn't have the field to herself. Newton has vocal strength and a subtle lyric sense and seems settled in her countrified style. She raises echoes of Brenda Lee on *Break It to Me Gently*, rocks energetically on *Love's Been a Little Bit Hard on Me* and reads a lot into Bob McDill's *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*. There are also three exemplary songs by Newton's backup singer and longtime lover, Oltha Young.

□ SOME DAYS IT RAINS ALL NIGHT LONG Terri Gibbs

Dark-voiced and bluesy, Gibbs is one of the least frilly and most expressive women country singers. This moody LP is highlighted by producer Ed Penney's title tune and the hit single of *Ashes to Ashes*. Anyone whose love is currently unrequited can find vicarious sympathy on this album.

□ FEEDIN' THE FIRE Zella Lehr

Lehr has a gypsy name, was born in Burbank, Calif., and lives in Reno, Nev., but she comes by her Nashville pop sound more or less honestly. Her dad, Raynor, was a country singer, rope trick artist and bullwhip performer who operated out of Cumberland Gap, Tenn. (Her mother and namesake was a tap dancer.) Zella, 32, started out as the girl who rode around on a unicycle while her dad snapped cigarettes out of her mouth with his whip. She has had a solo singing career since 1969. But it was producers Jerry Bradley and Billy Sherrill who turned her into a nouveau country lass. She has an unaffected style that makes diverting pop music of such standard country fodder as *Doin' a Lot (Of Not Gettin' Over You)* and Becky Hobbs' title song.



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By Douglas Paik

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People weekly PICKS&PANS

... IN BLACK AND WHITE

Barbara Mandrell

That Mandrell may have thought of herself as a pop star before she gave up her TV show is evident from the inclusion on this LP of *The Thrill Is Gone*, a torchy old song that has been done (much more effectively) by B.B. King, *Black and White*, another pop tune, which is a graceful, George Benson-like vocal duet with guitarist Gene Miller, works better. But Barbara demonstrates her real strength in an orthodox country song, Kent Robbins' *You're Not Supposed to Be Here*.

OLD FRIENDS

Willie Nelson and Roger Miller

If Willie is going to waste such collaborators as Miller, who is among the most imaginative country songwriters, he might as well team up with Slim Whitman. This album is listless and poorly recorded; there are so many guitar squeaks it sounds as if a poodle is barking accompaniment. Nelson compensates some with a thoughtful *When Two Worlds Collide*, which Miller wrote with Bill Anderson. Miller's own boogie-woogie version of his *Alabamabama* helps, too.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN THUMB

Jerry Reed

Reed is probably the best male vocalist with a story song this side of Johnny Cash, and the album is full of them: the little tune (about a guitar player), *The Hobo*, *Palches* (about a poor farm boy) and *Stray Dogs and Stray Women*. Jerry's voice may never get him offers from the Metropolitan Opera, but the man can spin a libretto.

THE STORYTELLER AND THE BANJO MAN

Earl Scruggs and Tom T. Hall

Hall has rarely appeared to such advantage as he does backed by Scruggs' peerless banjo picking and the Scruggs band (notably fiddler Byron Berline). The material includes a Hall-Scruggs collaboration, *A Lover's Farewell*, A.P. Carter's *Lonesome Valley* and *Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms*, which Scruggs wrote with his old partner Lester Flatt. Two Hall songs, though, display Tom T.'s penchant for mawkish nostalgia—*The Engineers Don't Wave From the Trains Anymore* and *There Ain't No Country Music on This Jukebox*.

BROTHERLY LOVE

Gary Stewart and Dean Dillon

Country artists believe it takes two to properly hork a tonk. Willie & Waylon, Moe & Joe, Conway & Lorella, Tammy & George. Here's the latest pairing: Dean Dillon, 27, has had a string of single hits (including *Jesus Let Me Slide*) and has written for George Jones, Con Hunley and Alabama. Gary Stewart, 38, is a veteran who wrote *Sho's A-Comin'* (*I'm Drinkin' Doubles*). Brawling, boozing and broads are the thematic staples of this collaboration, and these guys sound great together. Each also throws back three solos as chasers.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO DAYTONA

Mel Tillis

As consistent as they come in mainstream country music, Tillis can go from his title tune, a salute to stock car racing, to *You're the Only Song I Sing Today* with no noticeable distress and without taking himself too seriously.



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Screen

E.T.
Get ready for long lines, repeat business, toy game and T-shirt spinoffs and a richly deserved parade of Oscar nominations. In *E.T.* (stands for Extra-Terrestrial), director Steven Spielberg combines the gimmick, a minute intensity he brought to *Jaws* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* with the emotional intimacy he started to develop in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The result is his most personal film yet, and his best. *E.T.* packs the classic fairy-tale wallop of *The Wizard of Oz* and *Peter Pan*, from which it openly borrows. The story concerns an alien creature trapped alone in a California suburb after his fellow E.T.s beat a hasty retreat in their spaceship. A young boy, beautifully played by Henry Thomas (a young Texan discovered in *Raggedy Man*), comes to his aid. With the help of older brother Robert MacNaughton and kid sister Drew Barrymore (John Sr.'s granddaughter), Henry hides the E.T. in his bedroom away from his mother, Dee Wallace. Melissa Mathison's screenplay is a near-perfect blend of intelligent humor and sentiment. The *E.T.*, designed by effects wizard Carlo Rambaldi (who also worked on *Alien* and *Close Encounters*), is the scene stealer. Whether he's stalking the house in a bathrobe, learning English from a child's computer game, or accidentally getting soused on beer, the E.T. is sure to steal more hearts than Yoda. When the creature's life is in danger, and Spielberg turns loose his arsenal of dazzling yet controlled effects, the movie yanks a viewer into the fray. Spielberg is Hollywood's new Pied Piper. Audiences can follow him anywhere and rarely be anything other than richly entertained. (PG)

BOLERO

French director Claude Lelouch, who won an Oscar in 1966 for his syrupy *A Man and a Woman*, just loves to trace family histories. This time four families—American, French, German and Russian—are involved in either dance or music. The four husbands go off to World War II, the only living event in the film, and two of them die; the remainder of the movie is taken up with telling how the survivors fare. James Caan plays a hotshot American bandleader. Geraldine Chaplin (his French-born wife). The rest of the actors, all Europeans unfamiliar to American audiences, are uniformly fine. Watch especially for Jorge Dorn, a regular with

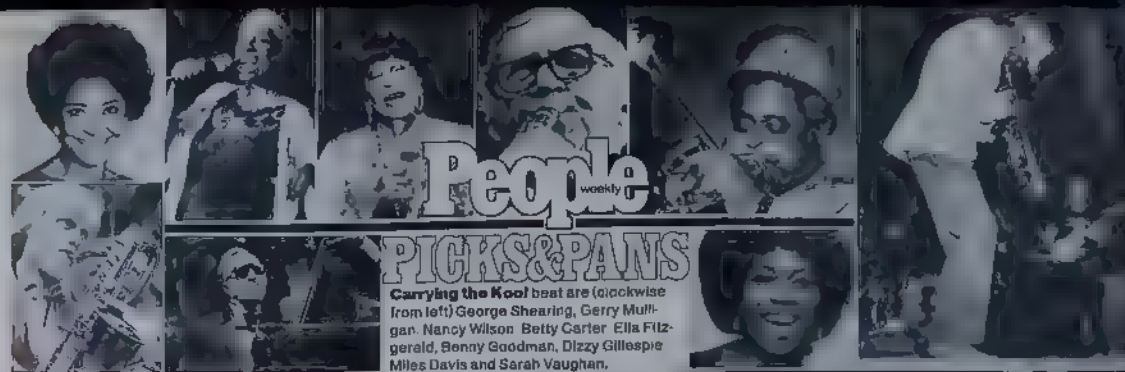
the Maurice Béjart dance company, who is sensational as the Russian dancer; his face will haunt moviegoers long after the film ends. There are some touching scenes, especially one where a French lawyer, Robert Hossein, is reunited with his mother. Lelouch can be too cute in spots: Using the same actors to play both parents and children of the war generation is distracting at first, although Caan pulls it off with amazing skill. And the final sequence, which brings the four stories together, is worth the whole three-hour length of the film. Béjart's dance company does a stirring interpretation of Ravel's *Bolero* with the Paris skyline as the background. (In French with English subtitles) (Not rated)

THE NESTING

It may be true that sex, or the fear of it, lies at the core of all good horror movies. This film pays homage to that well-worn conceit but seems curiously shy about pushing it to dramatic effect. The result: a watered-down version of the usual haunted-house story. Newcomer Robin Groves plays a novelist suffering from a variety of ailments: writer's block, fear of man and agoraphobia (fear of being in open spaces). She moves alone to a place in the country. Naturally, it's a strange, octagonal-shaped house in the middle of nowhere. Soon everything goes wrong: She begins to have odd dreams, the owner of the house takes one look at her and has a heart attack; she's even attacked by the handyman. What's going on? The house used to be a brothel, and all the whores were murdered one night by a group of neighborhood thugs. Ghosts are a-slink. Groves, as the neurotic, obsessed writer, is wholesomely sexy. John Carradine, as the landlord, is as usual wasted. Sadly, this also marks the last appearance of the late Gloria Grahame, the sultry blonde in many early-'50s films, who has a cameo as the brothel's madam. (R)

People weekly PICKS&PANS

Geraldine Chaplin (top) and **James Caan** (bottom) pair up and **Daniel O'Bryen** (with baton) is a consoled German conductor in *Bolero*.



People weekly PICKS&PANS
Carrying the *Kool* beat are (clockwise from left) George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, Nancy Wilson, Betty Carter, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughan.

Etc.

North, South, East and West, the saints go marching in

Ever since Eddie Condon hotted up stately Newport, R.I., in 1954 with Muskrat Ramble to open the first Jazz Festival, the combination of blue notes and red summer sunsets has endured. The festival survived riots by beery college students in 1960 and a tentative move to Manhattan in 1972 before going national. Now renamed the *Kool Jazz Festival*, it's hitting 20 cities. It got the jump on summer in Washington, D.C., San Diego, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and by the time it winds up in November in L.A., almost 1,000 musicians will have delivered the rhythmic gospel. It will be a perpetual season for Ella Fitzgerald, 64 (seven last nights), Count Basie, 75 (four), and Benny Goodman, 73 (four). Each bash has special features, from soaring jazz vocalist Betty Carter in Hampton, Va., to Miles Davis in Seattle. The cast in Chicago (Aug. 30-Sept. 5) is not yet firm.

ATLANTA

June 21, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, 8:30 p.m., Chastain Park. **22**, Benny Goodman, Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan, George Shearing, 8 p.m., Fox Theatre. **23**, Weather Report, 8 p.m., Fox, also Gerry Mulligan with the Atlanta Symphony, 9 p.m., Chastain. **24**, Count Basie and Sarah Vaughan, 8 p.m., Fox. **25**, All-star jam with George Benson, Herbie Hancock, Spyro Gyra, et al., 8 p.m., Atlanta Stadium, also the Modern Jazz Quartet with the Atlanta Symphony, 9 p.m., Chastain. **26**, The Commodores, Kool & the Gang, the Whispers, Sister Sledge, Luther Vandross and the Dazz Band, 8 p.m., Stadium. **27**, Jazz picnic with Lionel Hampton and his All-Stars, the McCoy Tyner Group, the Chico Freeman Group and the Heath Brothers, 5 p.m., Chastain.

HAMPTON, VA.

June 24, Betty Carter, Woody Shaw Quintet, 7:30 p.m., Ogden Hall. **25**, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, Angela Bofill and Hubert Laws, 7:30 p.m., Hampton Coliseum. **26**, Violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, Carmen McRae, the Heath Brothers, Pieces of a Dream, Wynlon Marsalis, 11 a.m., Armstrong Field. **also** Maze, Millie Jackson, Patrice Rushen, Jr. Walker and the All-Stars, Dr. John with Hank Crawford and Dave "Fathead" Newman, 7:30 p.m., Coliseum. **27**, All-star jam, Sarah Vaughan, Herbie Mann, 3 p.m., Coliseum.

NEW YORK CITY

June 25, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Mel Lewis plus the Stan Getz Quartet, 7 p.m., Carnegie Hall, also McCoy Tyner, Freddie

Hubbard, Elvin Jones, Ron Carter plus Max Roach Double Quartet, 8 p.m., Avery Fisher Hall. **26**, Nancy Wilson and Joe Williams, 8 p.m., Carnegie. **27**, Dick Hyman plays Fats Waller and W.C. Handy on organ, 2 p.m., All Saints Church; also Friends of Alec Wilder with Ellis Larkins, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Mabel Mercer, Marian McPartland, 5 p.m., Carnegie, also Jacob Pastorius and Word of Mouth, 8 p.m., Avery Fisher; also Buddy Rich Retrospective, 9 p.m., Carnegie. **28**, Phil Woods and Art Pepper, 7 p.m., Carnegie; also Count Basie, 8 p.m., Roseland Ballroom. **29**, Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan Orchestra, George Shearing, 8 p.m., Carnegie, also the World Saxophone Quartet and the Four Brothers, 9 p.m., Avery Fisher. **30**, Sarah Vaughan and Dizzy Gillespie, 8 p.m., Avery Fisher, also Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, et al., salute Lester Young, 9 p.m., Carnegie. **July 1**, Heath Brothers, Chico Hamilton, James Moody, et al., 6 p.m., Carnegie; also Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock, 8 p.m., Avery Fisher, also Musicians for Monk with Barry Harris, Roland Hanna, Buddy Tate, Max Roach, Dexter Gordon, et al., 11 p.m., Carnegie. **2**, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie, 7 p.m., Carnegie; also Spyro Gyra, 7 and 10 p.m., Avery Fisher. **3**, Tiana Mara and Charlie Byrd, 5 p.m., Carnegie, also Carmen McRae, Sylvia Syms, Chris Connor, et al., 8 p.m., Avery Fisher, also the Modern Jazz Quartet and Dave Brubeck Quartet, 9 p.m., Carnegie. **4**, Archie Shepp, Shamon Jackson and the Decoding Society, 5:30 p.m., South Street Seaport; also Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, Clark Terry, et al., 8 p.m., Carnegie, also Tribute to Stan Kenton with Mel Lewis Orchestra, 8 p.m., Avery Fisher.

MINNEAPOLIS

July 12, Ray Bryant, Dorothy Donegan, Hank Jones, Ellis Larkins, 8 p.m., Guthrie Hall. **13**, Weather Report, 8 p.m., Northrup Auditorium. **14**, Sarah Vaughan, 8 p.m., O'Shaughnessy Auditorium. **15**, Al Jarreau and David Sanborn, 7 and 10 p.m., Northrup. **16**, Oscar Peterson, 8 p.m., O'Shaughnessy. **17**, Maynard Ferguson, 8 p.m., O'Shaughnessy. **18**, Arthur Blythe, Dexter Gordon and Ira Sullivan, 8 p.m., Orchestra Hall.

MINNEAPOLIS

July 12, Sarah Vaughan, 8 p.m., Moonlight Pavilion. **13**, Mel Tormé, George Shearing, Stan Getz, 8 p.m., Hall. **14**, Weather Report, 9 p.m., Music Hall. **15**, Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock, 8 p.m., Pavilion. **16**, George Benson with Al Jarreau, Herbie Hancock, Lee Ritenour, Maynard Fer-

guson, 8 p.m., Riverside Stadium. **17**, The Commodores, Kool & the Gang, Luther Vandross, Lakeside, Skyy, 8 p.m., Riverside.

SEATTLE

July 30, Tuxedo Junction Band, Updown Lowdown Jazz Band, 8:30 p.m., Longacres Race-track. **31**, Miles Davis, the Crusaders, Jeff Lorber Fusion, 8 p.m., Seattle Center Arena. **Aug. 1**, Jazz picnic with Spyro Gyra, Gerry Mulligan, Bobby Hutcherson, Ernestine Anderson, et al., 1 p.m., Marymoor Park. **2**, Pollan pianist Adam Makowicz, 8 p.m., Seattle Concert Theatre; also Ella Fitzgerald with Jimmy Howies, and Oscar Peterson soloing, 8 p.m., Paramount Theatre. **3**, Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan and Ernestine Anderson, 8:30 p.m., Paramount. **4**, Weather Report, 8:30 p.m., Paramount. **5**, Charlie Haden and Danny Zaitlin, 6 p.m., Concert Theatre. **6**, Charlie Haden, Improvisation Workshop, 2 p.m., Fort Worden.

MILWAUKEE

Aug. 11, Wild Bill Davison, noon, Peck Pavilion. **12**, Ornette Coleman, 8 p.m., Pabst Theatre. **13**, Mel Tormé with Gerry Mulligan and George Shearing, plus Carmen McRae with Dizzy Gillespie, 7:30 p.m., Washington Park. **14**, Sarah Vaughan, McCoy Tyner, the Heath Brothers, Elvin Jones, Freddie Hubbard, 5 p.m., Washington. **15**, Ella Fitzgerald, Modern Jazz Quartet, Oscar Peterson, Chico Freeman, 5 p.m., Washington.

NEWPORT, R.I.

Aug. 21, Mel Tormé, George Shearing, Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Dorothy Donegan and Page Cavanaugh duo, Fort Adams State Park. **22**, Oscar Peterson, Sarah Vaughan, Chick Corea and Gary Burton, Red Norvo and Tal Farlow, the Great Quartet, Fort Adams.

PORTLAND

Sept. 1, Dizzy Gillespie, 8 p.m., Pontchartrain Hotel. **2**, Miles Davis, 9 p.m., Ford Auditorium. **3**, CMA from Montreux, 4:30 p.m., Hart Plaza. **4**, Pepper Adams, 2 p.m., Hart; also Lester Bowie, 7 and 9:30 p.m., Detroit Institute of the Arts. **5**, Sonny Rollins, 7 p.m., Pontchartrain; also Carmen McRae, 9 p.m., Music Hall; also Teddy Wilson, 8 p.m., D.I.A. **6**, Jam session, 8 p.m., Hart Plaza.

"TOP SECOND FROM LEFT" CRUCIAL THUMP CONTACT FOURTH FROM LEFT BY YEARLY FOR "Kool" CAPTION "G" GOOD PAPER BOTTOM FROM LEFT BY EVE FOR "LIGHT"

AMBASSADOR UNDER FIRE

After one too many hostile State Department leaks, the U.N.'s Jeane Kirkpatrick lashes back

UP FRONT



It would be in the best interest of the United States if Jeane Kirkpatrick would go. She makes us look silly.
—A high State Department official

Lebanon, Iraq, the Falkland Islands. The State Department has had more than its share of wars to contend with lately. But one of the bitterest skirmishes it faces today is the one going on within its own ranks. For more than a year the friction between Secretary of State Alexander Haig and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick has flared periodically into open battle, a special form of internecine warfare waged largely by anonymous "highly placed sources" in Haig's immediate circle. Early in the Falklands crisis, when Kirkpatrick met in New York with two highly placed Argentine officials, unidentified sources put out the story that Haig confronted her in a fury, accused her of undermining official policy, and pushed for her resignation. Three weeks ago, after vetoing a U.N. resolution for a Falklands cease-fire, Kirkpatrick was

"It was a lively exchange," says Jeane Kirkpatrick of her dispute with Secretary of State Alexander Haig (here at the U.N. last September) over U.S. policy toward the Falklands. "Basically there is less than perfect agreement."

ordered to announce that the U.S. had intended to abstain. In fact, her instructions to do so had arrived late because Haig, instead of conveying them directly, sent them through his seconds. He justified that action with a dismissive reference to her inferior rank, and the impression was retailed by various "sources" that Kirkpatrick had made a humiliating blunder. "I don't care how Madame K. goes," one of Haig's nameless aides sniped last week, "as long as she goes."

Until now Kirkpatrick has met such attacks, if not with silence, then with the most guarded ripostes. No more. "This is crazy," she told PEOPLE last week. "This politics of leaks—I don't know how to handle it. As a member of the National Security Council and the Cabinet I express my views, and then a grossly distorted version is leaked to the press." Kirkpatrick admits arguing

CONTINUED

People
weekly



Before a Cabinet meeting, Kirkpatrick briefs one of her predecessors as U.N. Ambassador, Vice-President George Bush.



"She is a lady of unbelievable courage who is much maligned," says Sen. Jesse Helms (above) with Sen. Charles Percy, greeting Kirkpatrick after a Foreign Relations Committee hearing. On his return from Europe this month, Reagan also displayed his affection.



in private for neutrality in the Falklands crisis but says now she was specifically instructed to meet with the Argentine officials and reported on the meetings fully. "I hate being the object of this kind of public attack," she says. "I feel like I'm being set up."

As her feud with Haig reached the boiling point last week, the White House went to extraordinary lengths to reaffirm confidence in Kirkpatrick and put an end to the insistent tattoo of rumors from the State Department. "I have the highest regard for her integrity and loyalty to the Administration and the President," National Security Adviser William Clark said last week. Shortly afterward President Reagan weighed in with his own vote of confidence. "I chose her for the job out of my admiration for her knowledge and courage, and I have no reason to regret that decision," he told PEOPLE. "She's serving her country well, and I'm proud to have her on my team."

Kirkpatrick and Haig have clashed since the earliest days of the Administration. To some extent, that derives from the awkward nature of their professional relationship. The U.N. Ambassador is charged with executing State Department policy, taking instructions from the Secretary of State. But the post carries with it a seat in the Cabinet, which puts the Ambassador on a par, at least technically, with the Secretary. Richard Holbrooke, a former Assistant Secretary of State, says conflict is the natural result. "You offer people a Cabinet rank, and they take it seriously," he says. "You tell them they

have an independent role in the making of foreign policy, and they come to believe their own press. And then they become fundamental embarrassments to the people who hired them."

In the case of Kirkpatrick and Haig, the problem is compounded by temperament. "Haig doesn't like any competition," says one departed Administration official. "He wants to be the vicar, to rule the roost." Kirkpatrick, however, has pointedly asserted her independence from him at meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council, where she refuses to defer or to censor herself. "She comes on like gangbusters," as one White House source puts it, "often pounding on the table to make her points."

Kirkpatrick, 55, a former professor of political science who cites raising three sons as her best credential for serving at the fractious U.N., senses that her gender may be a major cause of her troubles. "A woman in high office is intrinsically controversial," she says. "Many people think a woman shouldn't be in high office. Kissinger is described as 'professorial,' I am described as 'schoolmarmish.' Brzezinski is called 'Doctor.' I am called 'Mrs.' I am depicted as a witch or a scold in editorial cartoons—and the speed with which these stereotypes have been used shows how close these feelings are to the surface. It is much worse than I ever dreamed it would be. My feelings are hurt."

In previous contests between U.N. Ambassadors and Secretaries of State, the victory has always gone to the Secretary. Henry Kissinger served out his term; Daniel Patrick Moynihan did not. Andrew Young departed before Cyrus Vance. But Kirkpatrick has a special hold on her office—a strong personal and ideological kinship with the President which began with an article she wrote in 1979 urging more tolerance for "moderately repressive regimes." Prominent conservatives in and out of government, dismayed by the departure from the Administration of such staunch Reaganites as domestic policy adviser Martin Anderson and political aide Lyn Nofziger, have vigorously taken up Kirkpatrick's cause against the more moderate Haig. "Haig is gifted in conducting war in the twilight zone of leaks and conference-table remarks," charges columnist George Will, who introduced Reagan to Kirkpatrick at a dinner party at his home in 1980. "Haig believes in Haigism. It is not Reaganism. Jeane

Kirkpatrick and Reagan share the same principles." Sen. Jesse Helms, whose clout among conservatives the White House can ill afford to challenge, agrees: "I have never in all my limited experience met a person more intelligent or articulate than she is. Haig has leaked complaints that she buttered up the Argentines and undermined the Administration. They are totally without foundation. Haig is going to be Haig, unfortunately."

There are legitimate complaints against Kirkpatrick. Two key members of her staff have left in frustration over her management of the U.S. Mission. She has offended several U.N. envoys by what they consider a condescending, sometimes arrogant manner. Her frequent complaints about the U.N.'s organization have also alienated some fellow diplomats. "Compared to her

predecessors, she's not very good," says one representative of a U.S. ally who has felt her wrath. "Her appointment shows us exactly what President Reagan and his people think of the U.N.," grouses a ranking U.N. official. "She's a disaster. I'd like to say something kind about her, but I really can't."

Kirkpatrick was and remains an academic; she left posts at Georgetown University and the American Enterprise Institute, a Washington think tank, to take the U.N. job, and she will probably return someday to teaching and research. Plainly, her tolerance for political infighting is not limitless. "I am not an activist by nature, temperament or preference," she said shortly after she took the job. "I had to give up many things I value, control over my daily schedule, freedom to say exactly what I mean as clearly as I can, and

money—I made much more money teaching, consulting and lecturing." Today she can add another loss—her family life. "This is not an ideal way to live," says her husband, Evron, 70, also a political scientist, who has remained at their old home in Bethesda, Md. "She is continually on the move. I enjoy her success and I'm glad to have her do it. At the same time, what the hell, we used to live a peaceful life, and in the same house. I am happy to see her doing an effective job on behalf of what I believe in, but I don't expect it to go on forever. One day we both may say to each other, as we have about other things over the years, 'I think it's time...'"

CLARE CRAWFORD-MASON

"I've learned that I can live by myself, which is important for a woman to learn," says Kirkpatrick, here in her Waldorf Towers suite.





Texas' goody two-shoes Caryn Richman gets a little help from her co-stars David Forsyth, Michael Woods and Randy Hamilton, who's still hungry.



Having been kissed and raped on *The Guiding Light*, the couple cools it with a little love.



Lisa Brown left Tom Nielsen at the altar in *The Guiding Light*. In real life she will marry him in October—tonies and a

Nicolette Goulet (Robert's daughter) is about to search for tomorrow elsewhere—leaving Marcus Smythe, who's slaying, with mixed emotions.



ALL SOAP'S CHILDREN—SOME YOUNG, SOME RESTLESS—GATHER TO CELEBRATE THE DAYTIME EMMYS

They came from Oakdale (*As the World Turns*) and Port Charles (*General Hospital*) and in one case even back from the dead (Nick Benedict, late of *All My Children*). But since New York is where 10 of the 14 soap operas are taped, it was a disco in Gotham, Magique, where the not-ready-for-prime-time stars packed in after the ninth annual Daytime Emmy Awards. (Never mind that such talk show mavens as Richard Simmons and Phil Donahue didn't show.) Mayor Ed Koch, perhaps aware of rumors that some series may be L.A.-bound, had proclaimed it Soap

Opera Day, and the winners and losers toasted everybody. As also-ran James (AMC) Mitchell commiserated with Patrick (Ryan's Hope) Clarke: "I think the Emmy belongs to everyone. We all work our asses off." □

Tony (*General Hospital*) Geary and Robin (*One Life to Live*) Strasser won Best Actor and Actress and sealed it with a kiss.



Larkin Malloy tried to kill Sharon Gabet on *The Edge of Night*. Here, he's either trying again or demonstrating wing around the collar.



"It's the most exciting day of my life," gushes Dorothy Lyman, who after five soaps finally won an Emmy for *All My Children*.

No, it's not *The Gong Show*. *All My Children*'s Gillian Spencer raises the cane she needs (after a real-life car accident) with co-star Lee Godart.

Photographs by Robin Platzer/Images

ART AND SERVICEMEN BENEFIT FROM CLINT EASTWOOD'S HEIST OF THE SOVIET WARPLANE *FIREFOX*



Before the Washington premiere, Eastwood and steady Sonda Locke chatted with Reagan aide Ed Meese.



Although Clint Eastwood's new sci-fi spy flick, *Firefox*, bristles with state-of-the-studio special effects, its most remarkable achievement may have been getting its normally reclusive producer-director-star out of his Carmel, Calif. retreat and into the East Coast social stratosphere. Contrary to his usual low-key ways, Eastwood—who in the past had been known to drive personally about the country and test audience reactions by sneak-peeking his new films in small towns—opted to premiere *Firefox* with back-to-back benefits in Washington and New York. Political heavies in D.C. shelled out \$1,000 per ticket to benefit the USO, while New York corporate biggies lined up at \$300 per the next night to aid the Museum of Modern Art's Film Preservation Fund. Opined Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, whose wife, Jane, co-chaired the 660-person Washington dinner party: "*Firefox* was exciting and good for morale. We won."

As pilot Mitchell Gant in *Firefox*, Eastwood slips into a Russian uniform—and, eventually, a futuristic MIG-31.

The movie—about an American spook who steals a Soviet ultra-fighter plane that is undetectable on radar, exceeds Mach 6 and carries weapons guided by the pilot's thought waves (in Russian)—of course also proved a financial winner, raising at least \$125,000 for the USO and more than \$100,000 to battle decay in the museum's 8,000-film archive. "The military cooperated with the making of the film so we thought that a benefit would be appropriate," explained Eastwood, 52



Eastwood affably shouldered arms at the USO benefit. During his own Army hitch, he survived an airplane ditching.

"And I'm really interested in helping to save the museum's collection."

In Washington, women swooned over Clint. Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis harrumphed (with a wink): "I'm interested in safety, and that plane looked kind of dangerous." In New York, where 400 sat down to chive soup and chicken at the Hotel Pierre, MOMA President Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, CBS chief Bill Paley and Barbara Walters introduced their laconic attraction, who graciously dismissed

the pair of TV interviews he has done with Walters as "two long pauses." Eastwood, who was divorced from his wife of 27 years, Maggie, in 1980, attended both parties with longtime friend and sometime co-star (but not in *Firefox*) Sonda Locke, 35.

Eastwood, who last played a pilot as the fly-boy who bombs the giant spider in 1955's *Tarantula*, said he found *Firefox*'s complex effects and location shooting in Greenland, Vienna and Montana more exhausting than any

film he has done. "Now I've got to go hide out in the hills for a while," he figures. "I want to see my kids [Kyle, 14, and Alison, 10], get this character out of my mind, and start thinking about the next one. I've put so much into this that it's hard to unwind."

LISSA ALGUST and PAUL WITTEMAN

WANT TO HAVE YOUR PASTA AND EAT IT TOO? THE BATTLE OVER 'STARCH BLOCKERS' HEATS UP



"Lose weight without dieting," beckons a starch blocker ad. Here a model shows how dieters combine the pills and pasta.

It sounds too good to be true. For years Americans of all sizes and shapes have been looking for a painless, guilt-free way to lose weight. Now multitudes of waist-watchers are swearing that they've found it in a new pill that is said to "block" the digestion of starchy foods. Lured by hyperbolic ads like "You can eat many of the foods you love and still lose pound after pound," Americans are downing these so-called "starch blockers" at an estimated rate of 10 million pills a week and presumably chasing them with all the pizza, pasta and French bread they want.

"We're talking major trend," marvels one San Francisco drug chain buyer. "Before I even knew what they were, people were in here asking for them," says another pharmacist. "I can't keep the stuff in stock." More than three dozen varieties are competing for space on the shelves of pharmacies, grocery stores and health food stores around the country, with some manufacturers distributing the same product under six different labels. Bottled under names such as Starch Breaker, Calorex and Red-U-Ca, the pills sell for as much as \$50 per hundred (they cost only pennies to manufacture), but the price does not seem to be a deterrent. "My customers love it," says Anita Roark, manager of the Beverly Hills branch of Great Earth Vitamins. "I think it's here to stay." Dr. Rene Gibson, a gastrointestinal physiologist at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital who has tested the pills on animals and humans, agrees: "People can eat more calories a day and still lose weight. Starch blockers will be bigger than anything the diet world has seen."

Increasingly, however, the starch blockers have come under attack by experts who believe that their promise is just as chimerical as that of the medieval philosopher's stone—and possibly a lot more hazardous. "Starch blockers are either ineffective or unsafe," says Dr. Victor Herbert, a New York nutrition scientist. "Actual harm may be coming from the product." Dr. Mark Saginor, an eminent L.A. endocrinologist, calls starch blockers "potentially dangerous" because they may interfere with protein digestion. He notes that he has seen no well-documented proof that starch blockers work in humans "in any way, shape or form." He adds, "The problem is that it is being sold not as a drug but as a food supplement, which means there has been no FDA clearance." (Last week, how-

ever, an FDA ruling was expected.)

The original starch blockers were test-marketed throughout the country in 1981 under the name Carbolite by Dr. J. John Marshall, an Edinburgh-born professor of microbiology at Notre Dame, and his partner, pharmacist Bob Lemon. Ironically, Marshall had been looking since 1970 for ways to bolster the nutritional intake of the world's poor. Then he isolated a protein in raw kidney beans which interferes with the action of the enzyme that digests starch. The unused starch moves through the digestive tract and is eliminated from the system.

Next month 500,000 copies of Marshall's *The Original Starch-Blocker Diet* will be released. In it he presents a weight loss plan to be used in conjunction with his pills. It allows the dieter 500 nonstarch calories plus 700 starch calories daily. He calls it "the first diet that allows you to eat and block the calories after the fact." On the other hand, Marshall fumes at the unmonitored proliferation of starch blocker products by "irresponsible" competitors, whom he denigrates as "jackasses, frauds and downright crooks." Marshall, who has trademarked the name Starch Blocker (plus five others) for his own pills, is particularly incensed at *The Starch-Blocker Cookbook*, written by free-lance journalist Cameron Staught. Marshall claims that he hired

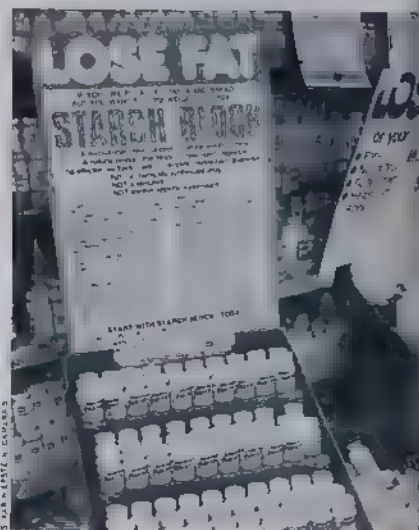
Staught to ghostwrite his diet book and that Staught delayed turning in the manuscript while he rushed out his own book. "He's a dirty rotten scum who got very greedy," charges Marshall. "We're going to court over it." Staught, in turn, says Marshall knew about his cookbook and plans to counter-sue for breach of contract.

Starch blockers have no effect, says Marshall, on the other nutrients in food, such as fats and protein. Thus, as he claims in his book, if you took a starch blocker pill, then ate a bowl of spaghetti with tomato sauce, you would absorb the calories from the sauce but not from the starch in the pasta. However, Marshall notes, the pill must be taken immediately before eating a starchy meal. Moreover, since each pill is capable of eliminating only 400 calories of starch, starch blockers are not a license for uncontrolled gorging. "The pill does not let you eat as much as you want," he warns. "It's most effective when used together with other methods of weight control. It is not a replacement for proper nutrition and proper exercise."

Some nutritionists believe it's not always good to have your cake and eat it too. "Starches are needed by the body," says Dr. Herbert. "If they are blocked, you are only burning protein and fat, which is dangerous." "So you lose weight," says nutritionist Nathan

CONTINUED

Angered by "inferior" competition, starch blocker inventor Dr. J. John Marshall worries: "My reputation's at stake."



A California health food store prominently displays some of the three dozen brands of starch blockers now available.

Pritikin, author of the rival *The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise*, "but at what price? The process allows absorption of cholesterol and fats. That can increase the risk of heart disease, breast cancer and cancer of the colon and prostate. It's a hoax."

Other problems arise from possible

impurities in the pills themselves. "There are toxic substances in kidney beans," explains Saginor, "that can inhibit the body's protein absorption and affect the clotting of the blood if they are not carefully extracted." Investigators have found bacterial contamination in some brands of the pills.

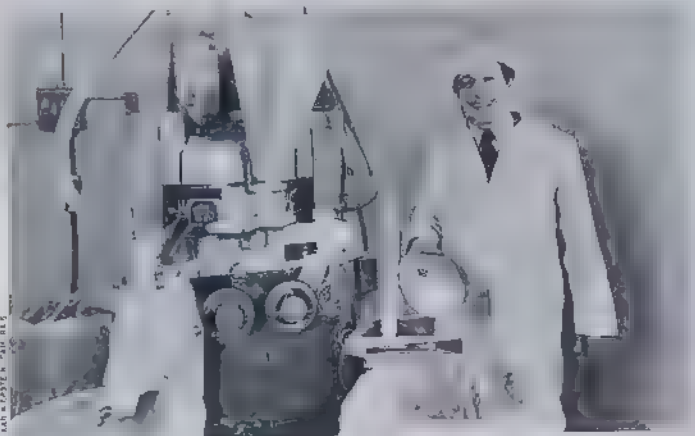
Another problem is that many of the brands being sold don't contain enough of the protein extract to make them effective. "The active ingredient is such a small portion of the bean that unless the extraction process concentrates it adequately, the pill will do nothing," says Nathan Sklar, a biochemist and manufacturer of the raw material from which several brands are made. "We control our production carefully," he says, not surprisingly, "but other people are simply grinding up beans. A lot of people are buying just that, ground-up beans." Author Staught advises buying only starch blockers labeled "purified," but without government regulation, the word is more or less meaningless.

Even more confusing, perhaps, is the fact that some of the very doctors who decry the pills admit to prescribing them for their patients. Saginor, for example, keeps a supply of "controlled quality" starch blockers for his patients who insist on taking them, although he does not advocate their use. Dr. Stephen Langer, an orthomolecular specialist and president of the American Nutritional Medical Association, worries openly about the dangers caused by excessive starch in the intestines or by allergic reactions to kidney beans. Yet, he confides, "I've used them myself. Like anything else, I believe they can be useful as an adjunct to a good diet to help in weight loss."

More skeptical is Dr. Marion Nestle, associate dean at the University of California Medical School in San Francisco. "I have yet to see anything convincing scientifically to prove that starch blocker works. If it did, you would get terrible diarrhea and gas, and users are not reporting that. The thing that bothers me most about this diet," she concludes, "is that it acts as if there is something wrong with starch. High-carbohydrate diets are terrific—high in vitamins, minerals and fiber and low in calories." Of the people she knows who are taking starch blockers, Nestle reports, "Some are losing weight and some are not. It depends on what they're eating, if you ask me."

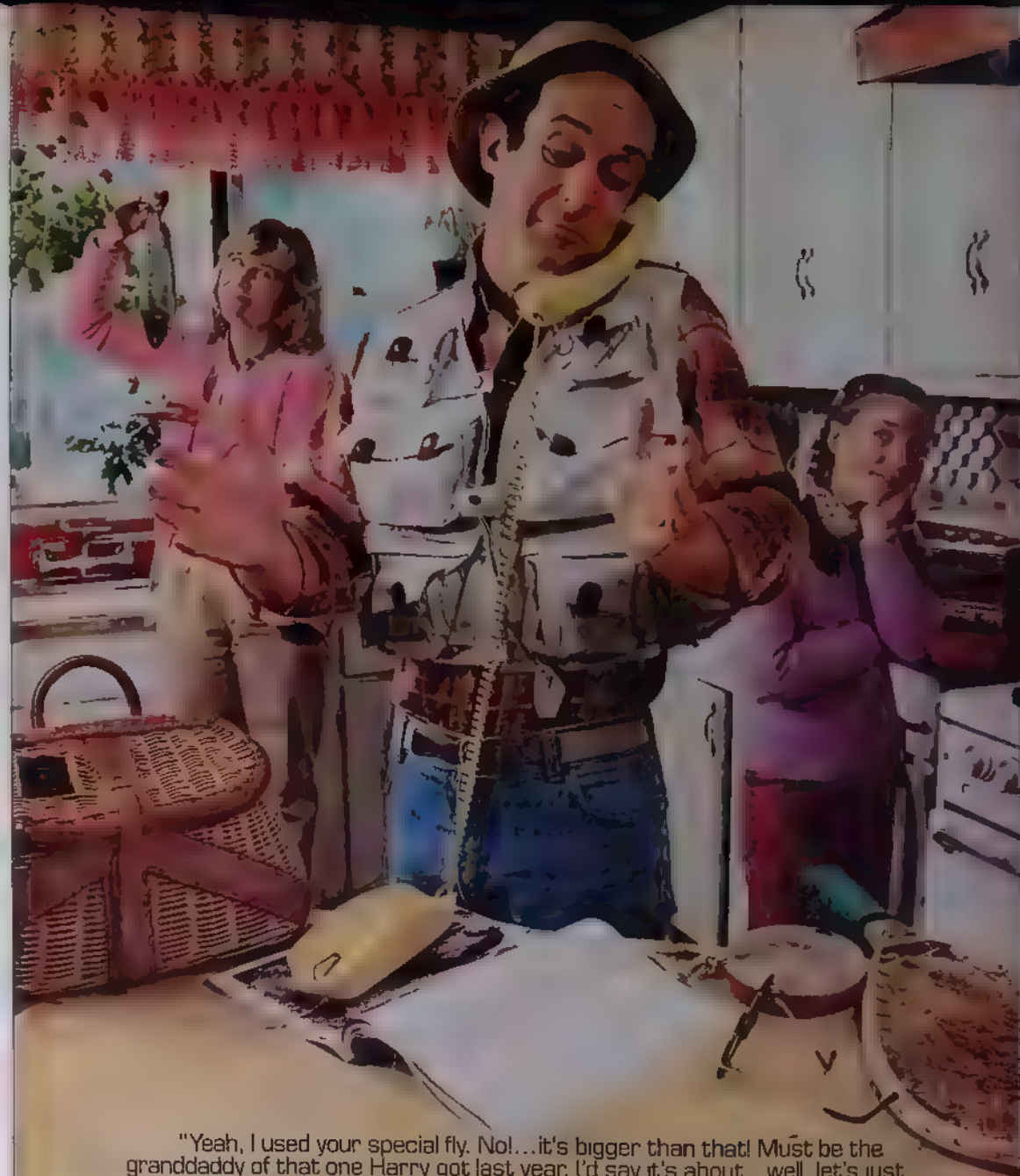
Perhaps the most skeptical word comes from a San Francisco general practitioner. "It's such a wonderfully American phenomenon, isn't it? We want a pill to cure everything, and here is one that allows us to indulge ourselves in everything we want. If you believe it works, you'll believe anything."

DAVID SHEFF




Biochemist Nathan Sklar (above) grinds out the raw kidney beans from which starch blockers are made.

"This is the first non-dental diet," claims cookbook author Cameron Staught, who says he shed 25 pounds on the pills.



"Yeah, I used your special fly. No!...it's bigger than that! Must be the granddaddy of that one Harry got last year. I'd say it's about...well, let's just say it's lucky we all like fish."

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CAMERA PRESS TO

Liza Minnelli peeks out from the Pullman on the maiden run of the new Orient Express, where she found life, well, a cabaret, old chums.



The Orient Express has long been a favorite movie setting. Above: Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave aid Dame May Whitty in Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes*. Right: Sean Connery battles in *From Russia With Love*.



In the 1974 film *Murder on the Orient Express*, Albert Finney, as Hercule Poirot, questions a star-studded cast of suspects.

HOST

ALL ABOARD, SPORTS! HOTELIER JAMES SHERWOOD HAS THE ROMANTIC ORIENT EXPRESS BACK ON TRACK

Darlings, the most exciting thing has happened. The Orient Express is running again—you know, that marvelously glamorous, faintly scandalous train that went from Paris to Istanbul from 1883 to 1977 when it positively limped into the roundhouse and was put up for auction, poor dear. (Airplanes by then could do the trip in four hours, the train took two and a half days!)

James B. Sherwood, 48, is the American-born, British-based businessman behind the whole thing, and he's def

CONTINUED

nately *our kind*. "Always go for unique properties, not the run-of-the-mill commercial things," he says. "People are prepared to pay for the unique." He certainly is. He put down \$20 million for the 26 vintage train carriages he's been collecting for four years, plus spiffing them up.

Capital was no problem for Jim Sherwood. His parent company is the Sea Containers Group, which leases containers and ships and has assets of \$835 million. He also owns the very chic Hotel Cipriani in Venice as well as hotels in Florence and Vail, Colo. (where Jerry Ford owns an apartment).

But, darlings, back on the track. The new Orient Express starts in London (passengers cross the Channel by ferry), then stops in Paris and Milan en route to Venice (Sherwood doesn't think many of the very rich still want to go to Istanbul, and we *couldn't* agree more.) The trip takes 25 hours. The fare is \$550, somewhat more than the air fare, and that doesn't include about \$100 for the five-course dinner served outside of Boulogne, a late supper for the merry crowd that hops on at Paris, the fresh croissants that are picked up at dawn in Switzerland and the Italian-style lunch just before Venice. Passen-

gers are urged to dress for dinner (served on Limoges china with Lalique crystal), but who *wouldn't*? "The atmosphere is so special," one staffer notes, "that passengers otherwise attired will feel out of place."

Of course, there are *always* the spoilsports. Reports Fred Hauptfuhrer, PEOPLE's London bureau chief, who went along on one of the inaugural runs: "Don't believe the part of the brochure that talks about the 'hypnotic murmur of wheels lulling you to sleep.' The express clatters through the night at up to 87 miles per hour, and everything that isn't absolutely nailed down is in danger of sliding, spilling or shattering. The cabins are cramped [Hauptfuhrer stands 6'6 1/2"], and if you down your whole decanter of drinking water at night, you might not have anything to brush your teeth with in the morning. 'I couldn't persevere for more than a day,' grouched one gentleman as he tried to shave. 'Get absolutely blotto,' advised another passenger, lurching about the bar car long after midnight. 'Then you can sleep.' A matron in a feather boa summed it all up gaily: 'A great giggle, but only a giggle.' Even Sherwood concedes that for some a trip on the express will be a

once-in-a-lifetime sort of thing. 'I don't think I could take it too often,' he sighs. 'I'd be exhausted.' "

Oh, but Sherwood *must* know what he's doing. The son of a patent attorney, he was born in Newcastle, Pa. and brought up in Lexington, Ky. Armed with a degree in economics (Yale, '55), he was a cargo officer in the Navy for three years, then worked in international shipping for six years before founding Sea Containers in 1965. He was a bachelor until the age of 44, but his marriage to widowed biochemist Shirley Cross brought him two stepsons (Charles, 22, a management consultant, and Simon, 21, at Cambridge) who have taken his name, though not, as yet, his profession.

The Sherwoods' separate careers spun their courtship out over 10 years (she was busy helping to develop Tagamet, a wonder drug that heals peptic ulcers, of all things), but recently she pared down *her* career to research the train's restoration and help start a Paris boutique that will sell replicas of the Orient Express' tableware and other furnishings. Says Shirley, 49: "You can't do everything. One bends a bit more than the other at certain times in life." (Isn't it the *truth*!) The Sherwoods travel half the year on business and they divide their time in England between a three-bedroom London town house and a Tudor mansion (with *moat*!) on 80 acres in Oxfordshire. Each summer they spend two weeks saking the Greek isles in their 32-foot ketch, *Barina*. Even aboard the boat, Shirley points out, James bashes out memos on his typewriter every morning. "He has great stamina," she says, "and is immensely persistent and patient."

Apparently he'd better be. Sherwood calls the revived express "a strictly commercial project" and estimates the train will need 70 percent occupancy for four years to return his investment. Traveling on the bone-rattling old express before it went *pfift*, railroad buff Paul Theroux wrote: "In most respects the Orient Express really *is* murder." Sherwood shakes off such opinions with a smile. Profit or no, he says, "There *is* the satisfaction of having re-created a legend."

LOUISE LAGUE

Shirley Sherwood, with husband James, frails about souvenir hunters. "Some Americans, she has heard, 'will take absolutely everything'




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TUBE



"I think what Betsy is doing is remarkable," says Barbara of her daughter's efforts to aid wild animals, such as these orphaned raccoons.

TO WILDLIFE AND DALLAS LOWLIFE, BARBARA BEL GEDDES GIVES THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS



Bel Geddes scored perhaps her biggest Broadway triumph with co-star Barry Nelson in Jean Kerr's smash 1961 comedy *Mary Mary*.

Barbara (with *Dallas* co-stars Larry Hagman and Linda Gray) says she "never expected the show would be so successful."



As *Dallas*' Miss Ellie, she's the epitome of sagebrush elegance, a saltily matriarch who never touches anything wilder than her conniving offspring, J. R. Ewing. Off the set, however, Barbara Bel Geddes, 59, lives on a wooded New York farm inhabited by ducks, geese, an occasional deer and other wildlife. And while Miss Ellie was no doubt the model of probity at some prim-and-proper young ladies' academy, Be Geddes was kicked out of New England's tony Putney School at 16 for being a "disturbing influence"—i.e., for kissing boys. No wonder Barbara finds it amusing that in her 41-year acting career "they're always making me play well-bred ladies." In fact, claims Be Geddes, "I'm not very well-bred and I'm not much of a lady."

That may be debatable, but what Bel Geddes *does* share with Miss Ellie is a heart as soft as son J. R.'s is stony. This

CONTINUED
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year, for instance, she is serving as honorary chairperson and enthusiastic supporter of Lifeline for Wildlife, Inc., a nonprofit organization founded four years ago by her 29-year-old daughter, Betsy Lewis. Lifeline rescues injured and orphaned animals in New York State—raccoons, muskrats, foxes, snapping turtles, deer, opossums and squirrels—heals them and then releases them into the wild. "There were no professional facilities doing it," explains Betsy, an animal lover since childhood. "The need was so enormous I didn't think it could be ignored." With Mom's support, Betsy has built Lifeline from a one-woman operation into a service that now handles as many as 300 animals at a time in two separate facilities, a hospital complete with incubators and surgical equipment, plus a 10-acre farm containing outdoor animal compounds in Ellenville, N.Y. "We must not ignore the wild animals," says Barbara. "I'll do anything I can to help." Betsy, in turn, credits her mother with fostering her commitment. "I grew up in a very animal-oriented household," she says. "Mother's concern was very powerful and very consistent."

Barbara traces that trait to her father, influential theatrical designer and director Norman Bel Geddes, even though he and her mother, a former English teacher, separated when Barbara was 5. "I didn't see much of my father," says Bel Geddes, "but I absolutely adored him. He was a man who loved animals and who should have been a naturalist." She recalls a formative walk in the woods with him. "He lifted up a stone and there was this tiny salamander with black button eyes and orange spots. It was absolutely magical." Her father also encouraged her desire to act. When she was 16, he got her a summer stock job in Connecticut, which led to her first Broadway role in the 1941 comedy *Out of the*

Frying Pan. As her theater career picked up, she married electrical engineer Carl Schreuer in 1944 and the next year gave birth to her first daughter, Susan, now an aspiring singer. Not long after that, Barbara left for Hollywood with an RKO contract and equal billing with the likes of Henry Fonda and Irene Dunne.

"I went out to California awfully young," she says. "I remember Lillian Hellman and Elia Kazan told me, 'Don't

go, learn your craft.' But I loved films." Hollywood, unfortunately, didn't reciprocate. After two and a half years and four pictures, RKO boss Howard Hughes had her fired for not being sexy enough. "I was crushed," says Barbara. "But thank God he did that, because it meant I went back to the theater." Her first marriage ended in 1951 and she soon married director Windsor Lewis. A string of Broadway hits followed, including 1955's *Cat on a*

Hot Tin Roof (she was the original Maggie) and Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* in 1961.

In 1966 her career was cut short by personal tragedy. Second husband Lewis discovered he had cancer, and Barbara left the stage to be with him until his death in 1972. The expenses of Wind's long illness wiped out Barbara's savings, and she admits she took the *Dallas* part in 1978 because she was "flat broke." Ironically, three years af-

ter her Hollywood comeback, her TV husband, Jim Davis, died suddenly. "It was like losing her own husband again," says *Dallas* producer Leonard Katzman. "It was terribly difficult and an emotional time for Barbara."

Despite this setback, Barbara now calls *Dallas* "great fun," though she admits to a "real kind of love/hate about acting. When I'm not acting, I like to get as far away from it as I possibly can." During filming she rents an apart-

ment in L.A.'s Marina Del Rey, but come vacation she returns to the more-than-200-year-old, white clapboard farmhouse on 55 acres in upstate New York, which she and Wind shared for 20 years. "He always said I married him for the farm," she recalls with a laugh. A spare-time artist who has illustrated two children's books and had several drawings published in the *New Yorker*, Barbara relishes the rural solitude. "I come here and open

After feeding her wild geese, Barbara relaxes by the pond of her upstate N.Y. farmhouse. "This place is very special to me," she says.

the windows, listen to the birds and watch my geese, and it's a great comfort to me," she says. After *Dallas*, Barbara confides, "I really want to quit and just play, which I have never been able to do my whole life. I've just worked. Now I want to read and bird-watch and do my drawing." TOBY KAHN

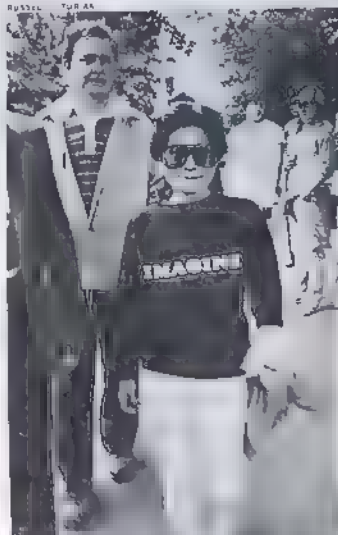


STAR TRACKS



Edward on the ropes^A

Following the cease-fire in the Falklands, Prince Andrew was soon to be coming home. While he was gone, however, his 18-year-old brother Edward also kept up the royal family's military tradition. Apart from a bloody nose, Edward emerged unscathed from a three-day offcer assessment course for the Royal Marines, which included a 50-foot descent on a "death slide" rope. Though he made the grade and will eventually receive a two-year commission as a second lieutenant, Edward won't be donning combat fatigues for a while. In September he will begin a two-term stint as an assistant housemaster at a college in New Zealand.



Yoko rallies for peace<

Imagine there's no heaven/It's easy if you try/No hell below us/And above us only sky. The words were John Lennon's, sung by Joan Baez at the recent anti-nuclear rally in New York's Central Park. Among the more than 500,000 demonstrators was Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, 49, with her bodyguards. Yoko, who reportedly has donated \$50,000 to disarmament groups through the Spirit Foundation, which Lennon created before his death, is firm in her resolve. "I want to keep working for peace," she has said. "John and I were working for that."

CONTINUED



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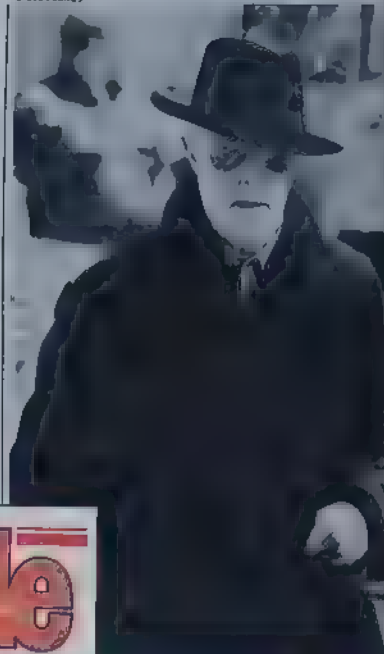
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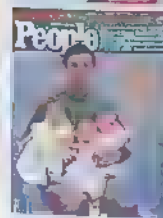
While partygoers at Manhattan's Red Parrot celebrated the opening of *Grease II*, commemorating the early '60s at Rydell High, the film's male star, Maxwell Caulfield, 22, and his actress wife, Juliet Mills, 40, found another way to narrow the generation gap. Maxwell and Juliet (Sir John Mills' daughter and Haley's big sister) met while touring in *The Elephant Man* and married last year. Caulfield, who recently finished *Journey's End* in L.A., has written a film part for his bride, best remembered for her role in TV's *Nanny and the Professor*. "We have great chemistry," says Caulfield. "Our ambition is to be a theatraica team."



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ch-changing

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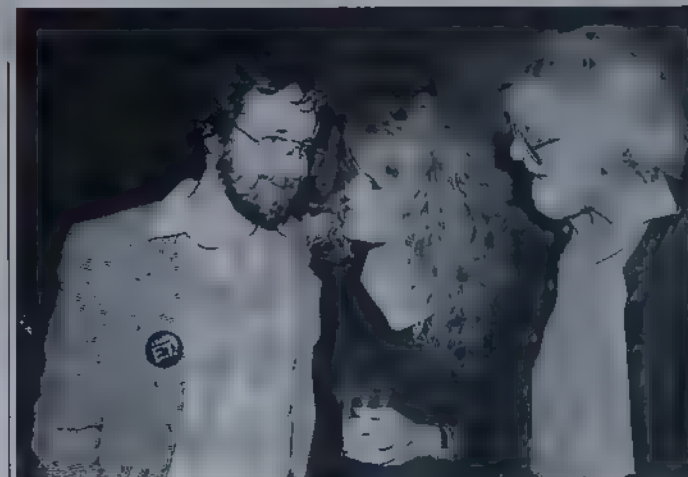
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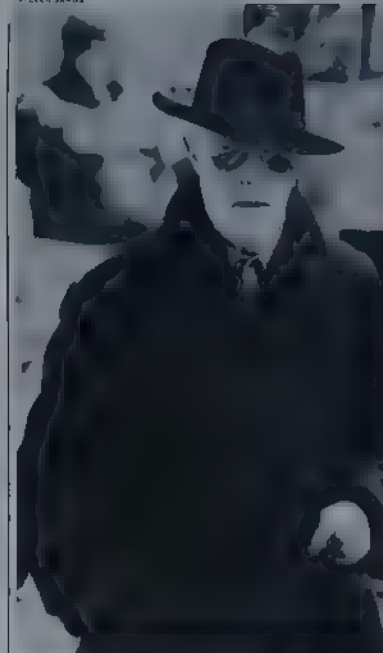
Unknown at an early age^A

With out-of-this-world receipts of \$13 million for its first weekend, *E.T.* is shaping up as the season's box office blockbuster (see following story). No wonder director Steven Spielberg was all smiles as he beamed through a firmament of Hollywood stars, including Dyan Cannon and fellow director Hal Ashby, at a party following *E.T.*'s L.A. premiere at the Cinerama Dome. The

event raised nearly \$10,000 for the University of Southern California's planned Cinema-Television Center. Though Spielberg was once rejected for admission to USC (he went to Cal State Long Beach), he was made an honorary alum before night's end. Commented a remorseful USC official: "If only Steven had told us back then who he was."

STAR TRACKS

STEVEN SANDS



Ch-ch-ch-changing^A

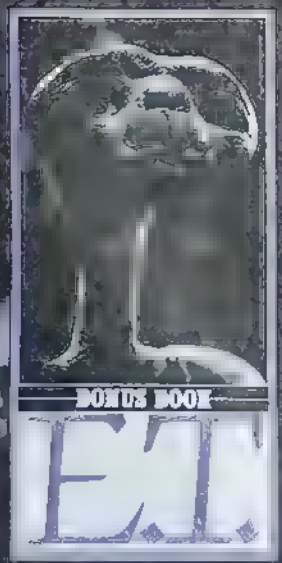
Do you know me? I'm a famous rock singer. I was *The Man Who Fell to Earth* in the movies and *The Elephant Man* on Broadway. But when Dick Smith (who made up Marion Brando in *The Godfather* and Dustin Hoffman in *Little Big Man*) got me ready for my role as a vampire victimized by rapid aging in the movie *The Hunger*, no one seemed to recognize me—not my co-star Catherine Deneuve, not my son Zowie, not even my bodyguard. "Who let that bum on the set?" he cried, when I showed up at the Manhattan location where the movie was filming. That's why my credit card says . . .

David Bowie



in his fairy-tale film *ET: The Extra Terrestrial*, director Steven Spielberg has a hit to rival his *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. *ET* has produced a spin-off novel, which in its own right is a minor classic. It was written by award-winning fantasy author William Kotzwinkle based on the screenplay by Melissa Mathison. In the opening chapter, which follows, *ET* (see cover) is introduced.

The hatch was open and the crew out and about, probing the earth like little old elves caring for their misty moonlit gardens



The spaceship floated gently, anchored by a beam of lavender light to the earth below. Were someone to come upon this landing site, they might, for a moment, think that a gigantic old Christmas tree ornament had fallen from the night sky—for the Ship was round, reflective and inscribed with a delicate gothic design.

Its mellow radiance, the scattering of

something like diamond dust on its hull, would make one look again for the ornamental hook at its point, by which it had hung in a far-off galaxy. But there was no one nearby, and the Ship had landed purposefully, the intelligence commanding it beyond navigational error. Yet an error was about to be made.

The hatch was open, the crew out and

about, probing the earth with strangely shaped tools, like little old elves caring for their misty, moonlit gardens. When here and there the mist parted and the pastel light from the Ship's hull fell upon them it was clear they weren't elves, but creatures more scientifically minded, for they were taking samples—of flowers, moss.

CONTINUED

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BONUS CODE

shrubs, saplings. Yet their misshapen heads, their drooping arms and roly-poly, sawed-off torsos would make one think of elfland, and the tenderness they showed the plants might add to this impression—were someone of earth nearby to observe it, but no one was, and the elfin botanists from space were free to work in peace.

Even so, they started in fear when a bat twittered by, or an owl hooted, or a dog barked in the distance. Then their breathing quickened and a mistlike camouflage surrounded them, flowing from their fingertips and from their long toes; then they would be hard indeed to discover; then a solitary walker in the moonlight might pass by the misty patch, never knowing a crew from ancient space huddled there.

The spaceship was another matter. Enormous Victorian Christmas tree ornaments don't fall to the earth with great frequency. Their presence is felt—by radar, by military intuition, by other scanning devices—and this gigantic bauble had been detected. It was too big to be missed; no protective fog could completely cover it, on earth, or swinging in the tree of night. So—an encounter is at hand. Government vehicles are out, government specialists are earning their night's pay, bouncing around the back roads, talking to each other on radios, closing in on the great ornament.

However, the little old crew of botanists are not really disturbed—not yet, in any case. They know they have time, they know, to within the most subdivided increments of time, how long it will be before the gruff, clumsy noises of earthly

A solitary walker might pass the misty patch, never knowing a crew from ancient space huddled there

vehicles sound in their ears. They have been here before, for the earth is large and there are many plants to pick, if one wishes to have a complete collection.

They continued their sampling, must flowing about each of them as he walked back with his prize from earth's soil.

Up the hatchway they went, and into the lovely ornament's interior pastel glow. They moved unconcernedly through its pulsing corridors of technological wonders, and into the central wonder of the Ship: a gigantic inner cathedral of earth's foliage. This immense greenhouse was the core of the Ship, its purpose, its specialty. Here were lotus flowers from a Hindu lagoon, ferns from the floor of Africa, tiny berries from Tibet, blackberry bushes from a backcountry American road. Here, in fact, was one of everything on earth, or nearly everything—for the job was not yet done.

Everything flourished. Were an expert from one of earth's great botanical gardens to come into this greenhouse, he would find plants he'd never seen before—except in fossil form, imprinted in coal. His eyes would certainly pop, to find, alive, plants the dinosaurs had dined on, plants from earth's first gardens incalculable ages ago. He would faint, and be revived with herbs from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

From the fanning roofline, moisture dripped, with nutrients that nourished the countless species that embellished every surface of the Ship's core, the most perfect collection of vegetation on earth, old as the earth is old, old as the little botanists themselves, who come and go, and the crinkling lines at the corners of their eyes have the look of fossils too, etched over immense ages of gathering.

One of them entered now, carrying a local herb, its leaves already drooping. He took it to a basin and placed it in a liquid that affected its disposition at once, leaves suddenly reviving, roots waving. At the same moment, from a rosette window above the basin, a pastel light came on, bathing the plant and causing it to stand up straight again beside its neighbor, a little flower of antediluvian make.

The extraterrestrial botanist gazed at it for a moment, to see that all was well, then turned and recrossed the greenhouse. He moved beneath Japanese cherry blossoms, hanging Amazon flowers and some ordinary horseradish that leaned his way lovingly. He patted it and walked on, back through the pulsating corridor and down the glowing hatchway.

Out in the night air, his body exhaled faint mist again, which surrounded him as he walked along to gather more plants.

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BONUS BOOK

The houselights flickered below, and for a moment his own heart-light answered, glowing ruby red

A colleague passed him, holding a wild parsnip root. Their eyes did not meet, but something else took place: Their chests glowed simultaneously, an inner red glow from the heart region suffusing their thin, translucent skin. Then they passed, the one with his parsnip and the other, empty-handed, down a rocky incline, his heart-light dark once more. Mist-shrouded, he entered tall grass, tall as his own head, and came out the other side, at the edge of a redwood forest. There, dwarfed by the enormous trees, he turned back toward his Ship, and his heart-light glowed again, as if he were signing to the Ship itself, to the beloved old ornament he'd been riding in for ages. On its catwalks, in its hatchway, other heart lights glowed, like fireflies moving here and there. Satisfied that his protection was near, and knowing there was still time to work before danger came, he entered the redwood forest.

Nighthawks sang, insects creaked in the shadows, and he walked on through; his naturally distended stomach skimmed the surface of the forest floor, hobgoblinish, though it was actually a perfectly suitable arrangement, giving him a low and stable center of gravity. However, it was not a form that earth folks could readily take to, these large webbed feet coming almost directly out of a low-hanging belly, and long hands trailing ape-fashion beside it. For this reason, he and his colleagues were million-years shy, and never had the inclination to make contact with anything other than the plant life of earth. A failing, perhaps, but they'd monitored things long enough to know that to earthmen their beautiful Ship was first of all a target and they themselves material for a taxidermist to display under glass.

So the extraterrestrial moved cautiously, quietly through the forest, eyes searching around—bulbous eyes, enormous, convex, the kind you might find on a giant frog hopping along. He knew what chance such a frog would have for survival on a city street, and he rated his own about the same. As for giving instruction to humanity at some seat of international government—it was out of the question when your nose was like a bashed-in Brussels sprout and your overall appearance was like that of an overgrown prickly pear.

He waddled along, in perfect stealth, knuckles brushing the leaves. Let some other visitors from space, of more familiar form, be humanity's teachers. His only interest was a little redwood sapling he'd had his protruding eye on for some time.

He stopped beside it, examined it carefully, then dug it out, murmuring to it in his gravelly space-tongue, words of weird, unearthly shape, but the redwood seemed to understand, and the shock to its root system was neutralized as it lay in his great creased palm.

He turned, and a faint light reached his eyes, light that attracted him, from the little suburb in the valley beyond the trees, he'd been curious about it for some time, and tonight would be the last night he could investigate, for tonight a phase of investigation ended. His Ship would leave earth behind for an extended period, until the next great mutation in earth vegetation, a period to be marked by centuries. Tonight would be the last chance he'd have to peek in the windows.

He crept out of the stand of redwoods and lowered himself to the edge of a fire road cut through the hillside. The sea of yellow houselights glowed tantalizingly. He crossed the fire road, stomach dragging through the low brush; on the long voyage back through space he'd have something to offer his shipmates: the tale of this little adventure into the lights, a lone prickly pear on the human road. The ancient crinkle lines at the corners of his eyes smiled.

He tiptoed down the edge of the fire road, on great webbed feet with great long toes. Earth wasn't perfect for his form; he'd been wrought on a planet that made sense out of feet like this. Where he'd come from, things were more fluid, and you could sort of paddle along and only infrequently have to waddle on solid ground.

The houselights flickered below, and for a moment his own heart-light an-

swered, glowing ruby red. He loved earth, especially its plant life, but he liked humanity too, and as always when his heart-light glowed, he wanted to teach them, guide them, give to them the stored intelligence of millennia.

His shadow shuffled before him in the moonlight, head shaped like an eggplant on a long stalk of a neck. As for his ears, they were hidden in the folds of his head, like the first shy shoots of baby lima beans. No, earth would have too good a laugh were he to walk up its aisle of world government. Not all the stored intelligence in the universe was enough when people were laughing at your pearish silhouette.

He kept it hidden in the moonlight, with faint mist attending it, and proceeded on down the road. Inside his head he received the warning signal from the Ship, but knew it was premature, knew it was to give the more clumsy-footed members of the crew time. But he—he swung one duck-webbed monster of a foot forward, and then the other. He was fast.

By any standard of speed on earth, of course, he was impossibly slow: An earth child could move three times as fast, one had almost run him down with a bicycle one terrible night. Close, very close.

But not tonight. Tonight he'd be careful. He stopped, listened. The Ship's warning signal came on again, thumping in his heart-light—the code of alarm. The instrument fluttered lightly, calling for a roundup of all crew members, second preliminary message. But there was time enough for the swift, he waddled left, right, left, knuckles fairly swimming in the leaves, as he dragged along toward the edge of the town. He was old, but he moved well, faster than most ten-million-year botanists with feet like marsh ducks.

His great orbicular eyes rolled, scanning the town and the sky and the trees and the ground immediately ahead. No

CONTINUED

BONUS BOOK

one was coming from any direction, only himself, coming in for one quick look at an earthling, and then goodbye for several rounds in the beloved Ship, far from here.

His orbiting gaze jumped suddenly forward, down the fire road, where a shaft of moving light appeared, followed by another, twin lights racing toward him out of nowhere! Simultaneously, his heart-alarm went into the panic stage: all crew return, danger, danger, danger.

He stumbled backward, then sideways, disoriented by the advancing light, which was much faster than a bicycle, much louder, much more aggressive. The light was blinding now, harsh earth light, cold and clear. He stumbled again and fell off the fire road into the brush, light streaking between him and his Ship, light cutting him off from the redwood forest and the clearing beyond it, where the great ornament hovered, waiting.

Danger, danger, danger.

His heart-light flashed wildly. He reached for the little redwood sapling that had fallen on the road, its roots crying out to him.

His long fingers advanced, and drew back into a blur as the blinding light struck, and then roaring engines. He rolled in the brush, frantically covering his heart-light with a loose branch. His great eyes snapped, taking in detail on all sides, but none more horrible than the sight of the little redwood sapling, crushed by the vehicles, young leaves mangled, its consciousness still crying out to him: danger, danger, danger.

Light and more light followed on the fire road, a road that had always been empty, but now echoed with the sound of vehicles, and human voices, shouting, raging, intent on capture.

He struggled through the brush, fluttering heart-light still hidden by his hand, while the cold light sought for him, sweeping the brush. All the star intelligence in seven galaxies could not help him move faster in the foreign element. His duckish toes, how absurdly useless they were, he felt the swiftness of human feet upon their own ground, advancing all around him, and knew what a fool he'd been to tempt them.

Their quick thumping sounded and cold streaks of light cut the brush, over and over. Their alien tongues bellowed, and one of their number, with much jingling at his waist, was on the scent. In the flashing light, the old botanist saw the man's belt, with something hanging from it like an assemblage of teeth, jagged-edged, trophies possibly, wrenched from the mouth of some other unfortunate space creature, and placed on a ring.

Time, time, time, called the Ship, rounding up its last straggling members.

He lunged under the surging lights, to the edge of the fire road.

The vehicles were scattered, as were the drivers. He turned on his protective must and glided across the road in the moonlight, blending with the foul exhaust from their engines, the noxious cloud momentarily adding to his camouflage—and then he was across the road and sliding down a low ravine.

Just as quickly, their cold lights turned, as if sensing where he'd crossed. He huddled against the sand and rock, as the earthmen leapt across the ravine. His orbiting eyes raced upward and he saw the horrible ring of jingling teeth, grinning hideously as its owner leapt over him.

He crouched deeper into the rock, mist around him, no different from other little patches of fog one sees in ravines, by night, where the moisture clings. Yes, I'm just a cloud, earthlings, one of your own, insignificant, don't probe it with your lights, for there is a great long neck inside it, and two webbed feet with toes as long and spindly as the roots of a purplish toadshade plant. You wouldn't understand, I'm sure, that I'm on your planet to save your foliage before you completely annihilate it.

The others jumped over him, dark voices excited, enjoying the hunt and well armed.

He scampered up after the last one had passed and entered the forest behind them. His only advantage was his knowledge of this beloved terrain, from which he'd been gathering. His eyes revolved quickly, locating the trail, a faint indentation in the gathering of branches that netted the darkness, a path he and his crewmates had made while bearing the seedlings away.

The rough, ungracious light stabbed the dark, shining at different angles. The earthmen were confused now, and he was navigating directly along back to the Ship.

His heart-light grew brighter, the energy field of his group strengthening it as he neared them, all their hearts calling to him, as well as the hundred million years of plant life on board, calling *danger, danger, danger*.

He rushed between the sweeping lights, along the single clear path in the forest, his long toe-roots feeling each impression with exquisite sensitivity. Each tangle of leaves, each spiderweb was known to him. He felt their gentle messages, speeding him though the forest, saying *this way, this way*.

He followed, fingers trailing the soft floor, long roots dragging, wiggling, receiving signals from the forest—while his heart-light blazed, eager to merge with those hearts in the clearing where the great Ship waited.

He was ahead of the cold light now, its beams entangled in branches that had admitted him, but which denied his pursu-

ers; branches sprang out, locked together, and blocked their passage; a low root lifted slightly, tripping the fellow with the ring of teeth, and another root trapped the foot of his subordinate, who fell face flat on the ground, cursing in the tongue of the planet, while the plants cried run, run, run.

The extraterrestrial ran through the forest to the clearing.

The Grand Ornament, Jewel of the Galaxy, waited for him. He waddled toward it, toward its serene and beautiful light, light of 10 million lights. Its wondrous powers were all converging now, emitting supreme waves of radiance that reflected all around. He pushed along through the grass, trying to become visible to the Ship, to put his heart-light in touch, but his long, ridiculous toes were entangled in some weeds that wouldn't let go.

Stay, they said, stay with us.

He yanked loose and pushed forward, into the outermost aura of ship light, just at the edge of the grass. The radiant ornament shone through the stalks all around him, casting its glorious rainbow. He spied the hatch, still open, and a crewmate standing in it, heart-light flashing, calling to him, desperately searching.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

He shuffled through the grass, but his hanging stomach, shaped by other degrees of gravity, slowed him, and a sudden group decision flooded him, a feeling that swept through his very bones.

The hatch closed, petals folding inward.

The Ship lifted off as he burst from the grass, waving his long-fingered hand. But the Ship couldn't see him now; its enormous power-thrust was being employed, blinding light obliterating all detail in the landscape. It hovered momentarily, then departed, spinning above the treetops, the lovely ornament returning to the outermost branches of the night.

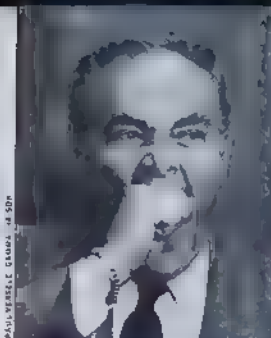
The creature stood in the grass, his heart-light flashing with fear.

He was alone, three million light-years from home. □

He was 10 million years old, but he had never encountered anything as complicated as this.

E.T.'s loneliness was short lived. Attracted by the town's lights, he encounters a mother and her children, Michael, 14, Elliott, 10, and Gertie, 5. Elliott (played by Henry Thomas—see cover), according to Kotzwinkle, is "what is generally called a twerp. He cheated at Parcheesi." But the boy hides E.T. in his bedroom closet and feeds him M&Ms (E.T. had "never tasted anything like it in the galaxy"). As their friendship ripens, Elliott loses his twerpishness . . . "great thoughts came and went in his head, like comets, trailing fire and wonder." Eventually the spaceship returns, but lest we ruin the movie for millions we will divulge no more.

After flying 32,965 miles in 12 days on exhausting shuttle diplomacy missions between Washington, London and Buenos Aires, Secretary of State Alexander Haig finally succumbed to an irresistible urge. He yawned. Even with five hours of sleep in his bunkroom aboard a luxuriously appointed VC-137 Air Force jet liner, Haig was suffering from the universal complaint of global fliers, jet lag. Scientifically known as



Circadian dysrhythmia ("life cycle disruption"), jet lag causes sleeping disorders, dimmed vision, sore throats, irritability, gastric disturbances and sometimes mild amnesia. Neither scientists nor the peripatetic travelers consulted by PEOPLE have found a cure for Haig's occupational indisposition, but the jet-lag junkies paused between flights to share their homespun remedies and personal flying lore.

ON THE MOVE

FOR AIR TRAVELERS STRUGGLING TO KEEP BODY AND CLOCK TOGETHER, JET LAG IS THE CRASH AFTER LANDING



THE POLICE'S LOT IS NOT ALWAYS A HAPPY ONE

"I hate flying—it's claustrophobic and a waste of time," complains Andy Summers (right) of the London-based rock group Police. Arriving in Paris recently with fellow band members Stewart Copeland (center) and Sting, and a female chartered-jet pilot, Summers said he survives worldwide tours by conscientiously observing a few

simple rules: "I sleep a lot and talk to other passengers if they're female. Otherwise, I watch the stewardesses." Andy cherishes his memory of the day he joined the mile-high club (restricted to those who achieve midflight sexual congress), but he is also haunted by some grimmer recollections. "We hit a storm over the Caribbean on an old

DC-10 once, and the emergency exit next to me blew open," he says. "People had to pull me away, and we kept flying with this gaping hole in the plane." Does Summers now take greater preflight precautions? "Sure," he jokes. "I wrap myself in bandages from head to toe so I won't look messy when I meet my Maker."

CONTINUED

People

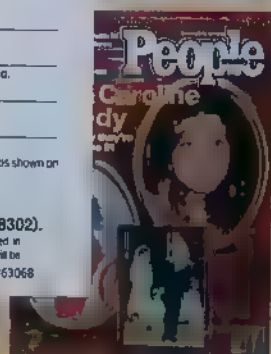
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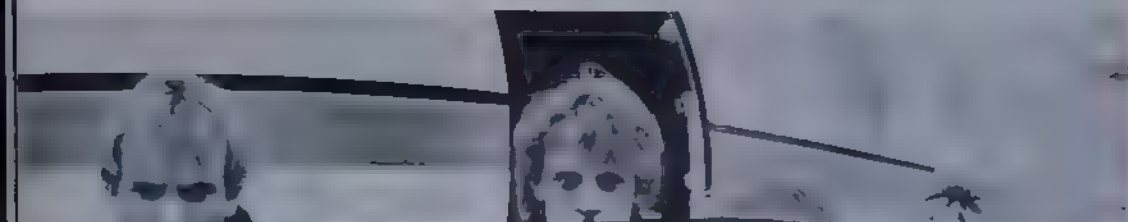
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MOVE FOR AIR TRAVELERS STRUGGLING TO KEEP BODY AND CLOCK TOGETHER, JET LAG IS THE CRASH AFTER LANDING



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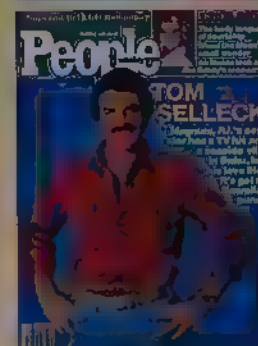
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CONTINUED

People weekly



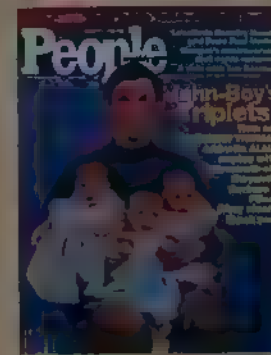
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MOVE



FOR JOAN RIVERS, FOOD CONQUERS FEARS

When Joan Rivers heads off into the wild blue yonder, she dumps her discipline at the check-in counter. "I eat without a stop because I think airplane food is delicious," she says. "They just leave the hors d'oeuvres tray with me. I'm not going to go down dieting." Otherwise, Joan says she hates the constant flights between her L.A.

home and engagements across America, even when attendants ply her with calories. She refuses to look out the window at scenic vistas, suffers incurably from jet lag, and resents seatmates who try to ease their own. "As for people who lift their feet over their heads to relax, I say keep your filthy socks to your own area," she snaps.

Joan says her happiest airline experience involved a scheduled flight from Washington to New York. "The plane never took off and we had to drive," she recalls blissfully. All her problems, she maintains, occur in the air. "I've never had trouble with airport security," she says. "I keep begging them to strip me for drugs."

A PILOT'S PRECAUTIONS >

Counting his missions as a World War II fighter pilot, Air France Concorde pilot Michel Butel, 58, has logged the equivalent of three full years in the air. He rarely feels fatigue from his incessant flying but takes precautions anyway. He strictly follows rules forbidding alcohol six hours before flight, takes brisk walks, always eats before sleeping, and, just to be safe, never consumes the same food as his co-pilot. Recently Michel left his Nice home at 7 a.m., flew to Paris, piloted the 11 a.m. Concorde to New York, and returned home, thanks to a schedule change, by 10:30 p.m. "It was a long working day," says the high-flying Butel, "but the next morning I felt just great."

CONTINUED



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MOVE



MORLEY'S MOTTO: HAVE PAINTS, MUST TRAVEL

Though some business travelers prefer painting the town, 60 Minutes' Morley Safer stays in his hotel and paints roomscapes. "I find it marvelously therapeutic," says Safer, who indulged his eight-year hobby during a stopover at San Francisco's Stanford Court last month. "I won't fly without some sort of paint box and brushes." Traveling 11 months and logging at least 200,000 miles a year, Safer has compiled an impressive list of traveler's gripes. "There's no such thing as a good airline anymore," he snorts. "They deteriorated when they started advertising how good they were." Repelled by air-

line food, he goes into gustatorial combat armed with a pepper mill, Dr. on mustard and lots of antacid. He relieves the back pain occasioned by continuous confinement by stretching out on the cabin floors of the planes. To console himself in his hotel or motel room, Morley enjoys a bottle of good wine, a selection of 19th-century history books and his paint box. Still, he is frustrated by disappearing luggage, confrontations with drunken passengers and miscellaneous airline offenses. "Travel without traveling would be perfect," he observes ruefully. "Time machines are the answer."

CONTINUED

ANDREA FLIES TO SERVE V

Cleared for takeoff in a Paris hotel elevator, Andrea Jaeger, 17, has been winging her way around the women's pro tennis circuit for the past three years. Economy-class air fares cost \$46,000 in 1981 alone. "You have to win the tournaments just to break even," says Andrea's dad and coach, Roland, who accompanies her almost everywhere. Since Andrea can't sleep on planes, she plugs in her Walkman and nibbles on the fresh fruit she sneaks through customs. Jet lag? No problem, says Andrea. "I just go to sleep and don't worry what time it is back home in Chicago."





MOVE

CYNTHIA'S COLD FEET <

"There's something about the pressurized cabin that makes my feet swell," says Cynthia Gregory, America's leading prima ballerina. "You can't see my ankle bones. It's all just puff." To combat the swelling, Gregory likes to travel first-class with her feet elevated, then stylishly ices them down in champagne buckets. The dread ballooning-feet syndrome strikes all air travelers, says Cynthia, but dancers are sometimes more severely afflicted because of their extraordinary muscle tone. Her four-month travel schedule with the American Ballet Theatre plus some 20 guest appearances per year have led to plenty of midair surprises, keeping Gregory *au point* psychologically. She became terrified once during a sudden 2,000-foot loss of altitude over Hawaii. "We were so frightened we laughed hysterically when it happened," she recalls. She has fonder memories of "a spectacular ride aboard Varig Airlines to Brazil. Their first-class seats have foot rests. When I walked off that plane, I could have danced through the aisles of the airport."

CONTINUED

ITZHAK PERLMAN FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET V

Though childhood polio left Itzhak Perlman's legs paralyzed, the superstar violinist keeps an intimidating schedule of concerts and travel, catching as many as eight flights a week. He battles constantly with airlines over what he calls the "horrendous treatment" of disabled passengers. He complains that airline wheelchairs are too small and often unavailable. On planes, his precious Stradivarius tucks neatly in the storage space above his seat, but Perlman faces a tighter fit. Squeezing into airplane bathrooms is "like putting on a suit three sizes too small," he grumbles. Still, on a recent trip from New York to London, Itzhak proved his disability isn't always a handicap. He made the crossing every bit as swiftly as fellow passenger Christopher (Superman) Reeve.



CHRISTOPHER REEVE



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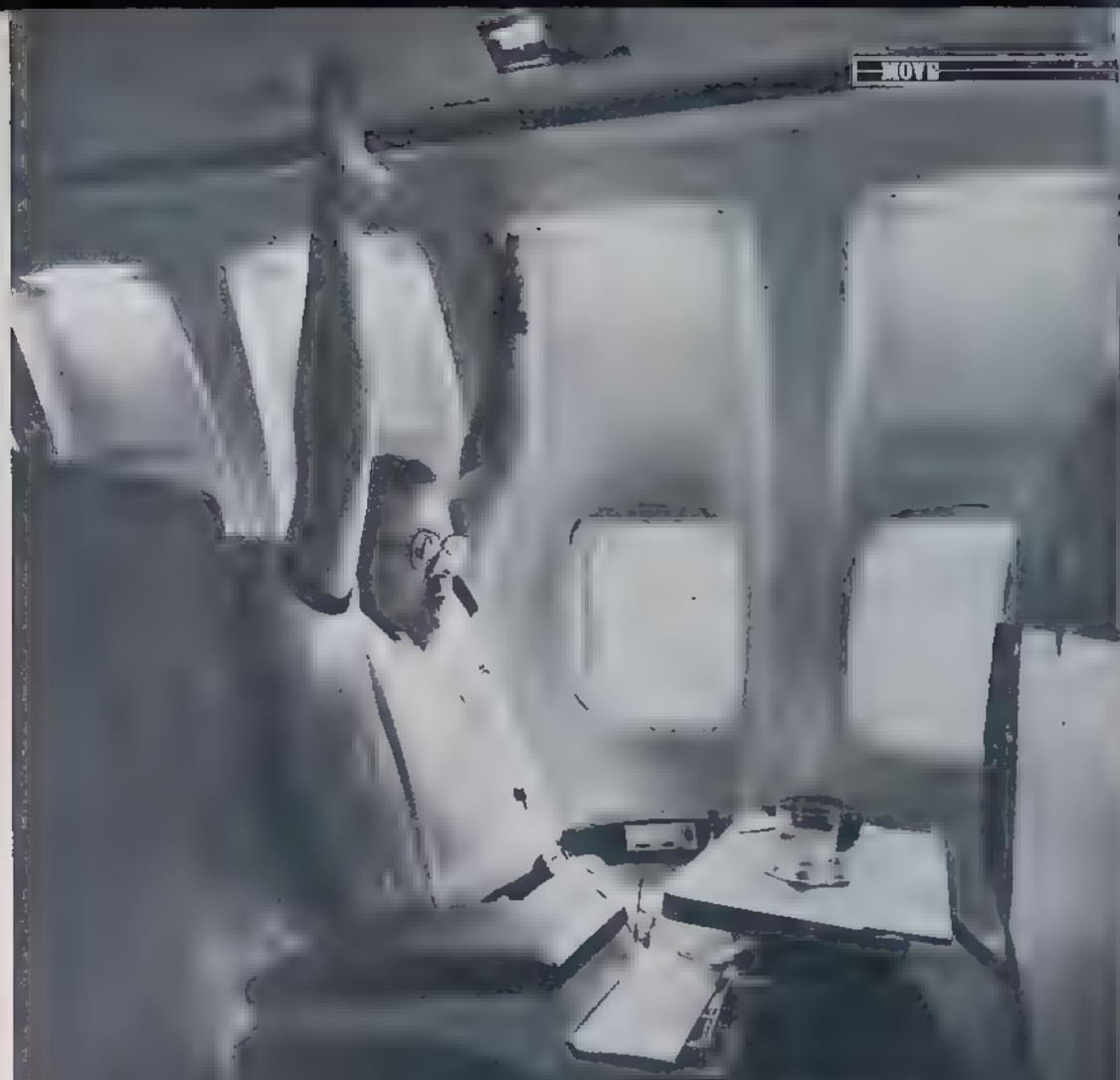
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MOVE



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Robert Preston

Playing devilishly against type in *Victor/Victoria*, he's bigger—and campier—than life

by D. Keith Mano

BIO



In his off-camera role as country squire, Preston takes time to sail the daffodils at his Connecticut estate.

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QUESTION

7

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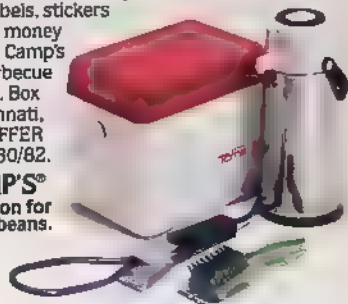
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In 1943 new enlistee Preston polished his boots at the Army Air Forces officers' training school in Miami Beach. At right, with Shirley Jones, he and 76 trombones led the big parade in Warner Bros.' *The Music Man*.



In *Victor/Victoria*, Julie Andrews plays a female impersonator and Preston is her gay mentor, Toddy.

All his professional life, Robert Preston has gone looking for trouble—not as a prima donna or an off-camera brawler, but as an actor who refused to be content playing himself. "I've never been typed," he says with grim satisfaction. "John Wayne played 'that guy' all the time—mostly because that's all he could do. Gable played Gable parts, and Bob Taylor played Bob Taylor parts, whether he was in armor or a full-dress suit. I resisted that."

Never has that resistance begat such glorious excess as in Blake Edwards' raucous *Victor/Victoria*. It was Edwards who envisioned Preston as Toddy, the aging homosexual cabaret entertainer who gives the movie a shot of wicked panache. For Preston, who is as masculine as five o'clock shadow, this was imaginative casting indeed. Fey, devilish, wild Toddy calls to mind a slightly dangerous Liberace. The movie's final scene is his by now notorious transvestite dance number: Try to imagine Julia Child doing a Rockette high kick, or Spiro Agnew in hairnet and curlers. "I don't mind if I look like Marie Dressler," says Preston, 64. "If Blake wants me to go in drag, I will."

If there is a bond between the two men, it may come from Preston's sense that they both were once victims of Hollywood. "Blake was as unhappy as I was under somebody else's thumb," he says. "He was depressed enough to go into deep analysis, and on him it looks good because it worked. But he also has that important thing that only success will bring you, and that's complete independence. Toddy's his baby too."

Word is, Toddy may win Preston an Oscar. Even if he doesn't, the role brings the actor sweet satisfaction after a hit-and-miss movie career. Preston was signed by Paramount at the age of 19, but his bluff, energetic, super-American face didn't fit any recognizable type. Though he did creditable work (*Union Pacific*, *Beau Geste*) for the studio and Cecil B. DeMille, whom he detested, by 1940 Paramount had him wearing a sarong in *Typhoon*. "It was the little male version," he says. "The wardrobe mistress had to have a tuck made so it came up and covered my navel." Preston claims he became "physically ill" when he saw the movie. "My kid brother had to help me to the men's room," he says.

Born in Newton Highlands, Mass., Robert Preston Meserve had come to Hollywood—or at least the Lincoln Heights section of L.A.—when he was not yet 3. His tubercular grandfather needed the clean, dry air of Southern California circa 1920. Robert's father, Frank, was in the garment business. His mother, Ruth, worked in a music store. "A film career never crossed my mind then," says Preston. "Anyplace you went you were likely to see a movie company shooting, but that wasn't for me."

Enter E.J. Wenig, a dedicated high school drama teacher and fanatical

amateur Shakespearean who had Preston playing Hamlet at the age of 14. "E.J. could costume anything Shakespeare had written," says Preston. "You couldn't get into his apartment, there were so many outfits. When I graduated he took me down to the Musart Theater, where Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, was recasting her Elizabethan repertory company. We never told her my age, which was 16, and she cast me as Julius Caesar." Later Preston toiled at the Pasadena Playhouse, where he performed in 42 productions and began one serious and very durable love scene.

Catherine Craig (née Feltus) had come to the playhouse by way of Indiana University. Roy Feltus, her father, had been an advance man for Ringling Bros., and later took his own circus on a successful South American tour. Catherine often went along. Before she and Preston were married, in 1940, both were signed to contracts by Paramount. "I filled in here and there," says Catherine, a bit apologetically, "but I didn't really fulfill much beyond that." Galantly, Preston objects. "She was a wonderful actress," he says, "but she didn't fit into any of those molds that they were familiar with. Neither did I. There was no way they could categorize me, thank God, or I would have had a flash-in-the-pan career."

Still, Paramount insisted on alter-

ations, and unceremoniously dumped Preston's last name. "Today I could have kept it," he says. "But at 19, what do you say? You don't argue with the studio. They wanted to pull my hairline back. I said, 'Go ahead.' I thought everybody that went into pictures had his name and hairline changed."

During World War II Preston spent three years as an Army Air Forces intelligence officer in England, France and Belgium. Returning to Hollywood in 1945, he made a disillusioning discovery. "The first time I was out in civilian clothes, I went to a party that Veronica Lake was throwing," he recalls, "and no one even knew I'd been gone. I was disgusted." He was also determined to assert his independence. "I didn't need the paternalism of a studio anymore," he says. "They gave me a much better contract, but I was still going to play the lead in all the small pictures and the heavy in all the big ones." When DeMille offered him the part of the villain in *Unconquered*, Preston said no, and the director never spoke to him again. Reversing manifest destiny, Preston elected to go East to Broadway. It was a courageous decision. "I have always had confidence in my own ability," he says.

Next began his elaborate personal program to reeducate New York audiences about Robert Preston, California singing model. Preston didn't mind replacing established stars in Broadway hits (his first New York role involved taking over for José Ferrer in *Twentieth Century* in 1951), and he kept at it, excellent performance after excellent performance, as irrepressible as bracket creep. But intergalactic recognition didn't come until 1957, when Preston landed the lead in *The Music Man*. "They stopped looking for a musical comedy performer because they were getting too much flak from them," he recalls. "Things like Ray Bolger saying, 'I like it very much, but I need 15 minutes in the second act where I do my stuff.' Finally they said, 'Let's get an actor. What about Preston, if he can carry a tune...'"

Like Toddy in *Victor/Victoria*, Harold Hill in *The Music Man* is a semi-sung role. Perhaps Preston's armor-piercing macho vigor is put in manageable perspective by music. Audiences are comfortable with him, reassured. His dramatic method, after all, is calculated to communicate an impression of ease. "First you become rehearsal



Preston and wife Catherine were photographed in 1940 as they left L.A. for their wedding in Las Vegas. At right, Robert plays the Werewolf of Greenwich as Catherine nurtures seedlings bound for the garden.

sharp," he explains. "Then, after that initial public performance, you tell yourself the truth. You say, 'I'm uncomfortable here, I'm uncomfortable there—why?' The one thing you must do is remove every moment of personal discomfort before opening night."

The technique overlaps his personal relations as well. Preston, apparently, is a dream to work with: professional and enthusiastic, if somewhat distant. DeMille aside, he speaks well of everyone. True, Margaret Sullivan cut him dead when they starred together on Broadway in *Janus*; she thought he was getting too many laughs. "That became her problem, not mine," he says. "If she was unhappy, I'm sorry. On-stage or on the set, you're there to solve difficulties, not to make them."

But how much, one might wonder, has that all-American cargo-door-size grin cost him? Beneath the facade, what would his secret flight recorder show? If driven to it, Preston will admit that Catherine "can probably remember my being temperamental, because I'm not afraid to show her a side that I won't show to other people." Catherine agrees. "When he's in a play, you know what the tensions are, and I feel it's best to let him get rid of them somewhere. Quite often, there's nowhere else. We do go around a bit then. Why not? That I understand. Sometimes, though, he's temperamental and I don't understand."

In the Preston household, like most

others, there is not always a meeting of minds. He would describe their Greenwich, Conn. estate as French provincial. No, no, it's Tudor, says she. How big is it? "Uh, there are 10 bathrooms," he says at last, ticking them off on his fingers. That might seem excessive for two people and one dog. Boy, their semiretired golden retriever, particularly since the Prestons don't socialize much. "Yet it's cozy," Catherine insists. "I guess because we converge into little nesting rooms, and walk through the rest of it." Yet the Prestons seem more loyal caretakers than homeowners, as if in service to some unspecified landlord.

Surrounding the house are eight acres of fastidiously kept grounds. Catherine has her own greenhouse, the swimming pool is within a stone's

"Bob and I keep each other pretty straight," says Catherine. "He wears well."



splash of the manor. The pond on the property has long aspired to full lakehood. Trout and bluegill drowse in it like so many entrées. Stark rock outcroppings thrust up on cue. Last spring Preston cut 10,000 loosestrife plants around his pond by hand. Neatness and discipline have been raised to a kind of rugged absolutism here. But no direct heir will benefit from this meticulous effort: The Prestons are childless. "We had every test possible," says Robert. "We were on the verge of adopting many times, but then the next job would come up in Greece or something like that."

Preston calls himself, persuasively, a "home person"; travel, one senses, has become more essential to Catherine. Now and then she refers to Greenwich as "imbo, out of the way, re-

moved." She has a quiet beauty, and beside her expansive, booming husband, she might seem an object played off of—a retaining wall for Preston's torrential drive. She is defined, much more than he, by the relationship, and that, unquestionably, has taken a toll. There is a volatile quality about Preston that is never quite masked by self-control and good nature. The sensual angry man waits beneath. Cast defiantly against type in *Victor/Victoria*, Preston is known for his off-stage romances. Glynis Johns, who starred in a 1963 production of Shaw's *Too True to Be Good*, was just one of the women on his extramarital résumé. But whatever pressures were brought to bear on his marriage, they were less than a match for its profound equilibrium. "We keep each other pretty

straight," says Catherine. "And that's a real pleasure. Bob wears well."

Professionally, too, Preston has demonstrated a stubborn resiliency. Though he has never become the A-movie leading man he once longed to be, his craftsman's pride and unquenchable energy have made him a performer of the very first rank. "They're crazy about *Victor/Victoria* at MGM," he says proudly. "We started to get the feeling as the rushes were going across the ocean. All of a sudden I was getting notes from David Begelman [MGM/UA's vice-chairman]. Nice messages. Even flowers." Preston pauses, his memory playing back over a lifetime of Hollywood frustrations. "Funny," he says reflectively, "it comes at a time when I really could care less. And it took only 45 years." □

KEEPING CALM IN A CRISIS AT KOOL-TV, ANCHORMAN BILL CLOSE PERSUADES AN ANGRY GUNMAN NOT TO TURN KILLER

CRIME



For nearly five hours gunman Joe Gwin held TV technician Luis Villa in a choke hold, repeatedly threatening to kill him and once firing a shot into the ceiling for emphasis. Negotiations were carried on by phone through white-haired anchorman Bill Close. When the siege ended, Gwin laid down his gun (at left in third photo from right). Close assured police the trouble was over, and an officer frisked the prisoner, who was later charged with three counts of kidnapping and three of assault. After bulletins alerting viewers to the drama were issued on other local stations, 70 percent of the Phoenix TV audience tuned in to watch.



Television has been involved indirectly in countless hostage situations, and critics have often questioned its impact. Is TV capable of simply bearing witness to such life-and-death drama, or does it act as a catalyst for irrational violence? Should hostage-takers, under any circumstances, be allowed to issue their demands on the air? Recently officials at KOOL-TV in Phoenix found themselves answering these questions at the point of a gun. Afterward, with David Sheff of PEOPLE, they reconstructed an evening of terror.

At first anchorman Bill Close, 59, thought that it was some kind of joke, that the gun in Joe Gwin's hand was a toy. "I was ticked off because we were about to go on the air with the 5 o'clock news," he recalls. "I said something like, 'You knucklehead, what's going on here?' Then he fired a shot. I went to the phone and told somebody to call the cops."

Unlike Close, production assistant Luis Villa, 52, knew what was happening the instant the intruder entered the newsroom. "As soon as I saw his eyes, I knew we were in trouble," he says. As Villa looked on, the gunman grabbed camerawoman Nancy Petrinka, 30. When she fell to the floor screaming, Gwin pointed his .38-caliber pistol at her and ordered her to stand up. "What's the matter with you?" shouted Villa, tearing off his earpiece. "What did she do?" Distracted, Gwin grabbed Villa in a choke hold, letting Petrinka escape, and pressed the gun to his head. "My temples felt like they were going to explode," Villa remembers. "Then I stumbled. He must have thought I was trying to escape, because he cracked me over the head with the gun. Then he pulled me up and held me and wouldn't let go."

For nearly five hours Gwin kept his revolver to Villa's head as he demand-

ed that the TV station broadcast his bizarre warning of a worldwide catastrophe. At one point, says Villa, he fired a shot into the ceiling and shouted, "Put me on or I'll kill him! I mean it!" From time to time he would pull back the hammer of the pistol, and the sharp click would reverberate through Villa's skull. "Your mind goes blank," says Villa. "You hear the click and you wait, but you don't think."

At his home in nearby Scottsdale, station owner Tom Chauncey was notified of the crisis at once. Driven to the station, he went directly to a police command post, where Phoenix Police Chief Ruben Ortega asked what he wanted to do. "There wasn't much choice," says Chauncey. "My one concern was for the lives of the people in the room." "If we decide we have to put this guy on the air, will you do it?" asked Ortega. Chauncey nodded grimly.

In the sealed studio with the gunman, the hostage and two technicians, Close quickly took charge. A 39-year broadcasting veteran who had lost both legs in a train accident when he was 12 years old, he became the middleman between police and the gunman. Talking by phone with a trained police negotiator, Close spoke cryptically, lulling Gwin into the belief that he was setting up the demanded live broadcast. "Call it stupidity or some kind of sixth sense, but I never thought I would be killed," says Close. "If anything, I thought I would get shot and it would screw up my vacation, which was due to start the next day."

At one point Gwin asked for water and let one technician go after receiving it. The other got away later. As Gwin applied wet towels to his own forehead, he momentarily set the gun down beside him. "I thought of going for it," says Close. "They tell me if I had, someone would have gotten hurt." Instead, the anchorman wisely kept talking, and Gwin presented him

with a 12-page handwritten statement. "It was nonsense about hypnotism, the destruction of Ascension Island, and the bombing of London," says Close. "He thought the message had to get out to save the world." By this time police had identified Gwin as a 28-year-old cement finisher who lived alone in a Phoenix trailer park, but they still have little information about what made him turn violent.

By 9:30 p.m. the gunman had grown tired of waiting. Though fearful that by putting him on the air they would encourage similar acts of blackmail, the men at the command post felt they had no alternative. But first, at Close's carefully worded suggestion, they decided to trick Gwin by restricting the telecast to a closed-circuit studio monitor. Gwin, however, anticipating such a ruse, had brought along his own portable TV. When he realized the telecast wasn't being seen outside the station, he became furious. "I'm through playing games with you," he yelled, according to Villa, and tightened his grip on his hostage. "I'm going to give you five minutes. If you don't do what I ask, I'm going to die and he's going to die too." To calm him, Close pretended there had been a technical foulup.

Moments later Gwin finally saw himself on the air and, as agreed, released Villa at once. Seating himself next to Close and keeping him covered with his .38 concealed in a small black cloth bag, Gwin looked on silently as the newsman read his 20-minute statement. Only then, as he had promised, did the intruder finally lay down his weapon. Deliberately, Close leaned over and shook Gwin's hand. "It was partly out of relief that he had kept his word," says Close, "but I was also looking at that gun. If I was shaking his hand, he couldn't change his mind and grab it again." When the police rushed in, the nightmare was over. The next day Close began his vacation. □



TROUBLE

A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE, BUT DOES HIS BACKYARD HAVE TO BE AN OVERGROWN EYESORE?



"I'm not asking for blood," says gardening fan Francis Paone. "I just want my neighbor to make his place halfway respectable."

Francis Paone, a retired maintenance worker in Cambridge, Mass., has a problem that's been growing for 14 years: his neighbor's grass. Abul Sayied, Paone's next-door neighbor, has a hands-off approach to gardening which over the years has resulted in a luxuriant backyard jungle, featuring chest-high grass, weeds 10 feet tall gnarled vines and a runaway hedge. Says Paone, 72, whose own yard is trimmed to perfection, "When he first moved in I would ask him about the yard in a neighborly way, and he'd say, 'Oh, yes, I'll be getting to that soon.' But he never did."

Instead, things got worse. Now Sayied's 9,000-square-foot lot is littered with derelict automobiles, rusty trash barrels and debris. His house is also showing signs of neglect—peeling paint, rotting gutters and a crumbling driveway. Divorced and the father of a 14-year-old son, Sayied, in his mid-40s, is a reclusive figure who is thought to be a physicist. Neighbors on the tidy residential block respect his privacy but dislike his casual attitude to home upkeep. "He never lifts a finger," complains Paone, who has five children and 12 grandchildren. "He doesn't even shovel his

driveway or sidewalk in the winter."

For Paone, the breaking point came in 1979, when his wife, Dorothy, claims she saw two rats foraging in Sayied's wildlife habitat. After complaints to the local board of health, Sayied was fined \$1,125 for violating the state's sanitary code. He appealed the case to a higher court last month, claiming that he didn't believe in cutting grass because it was meant to grow naturally, and that keeping his property neat required dangerous chemicals, which he refused to handle. After deliberating for less than 30 minutes, the jury overturned his conviction.

The verdict delighted Sayied, who dismissed the prosecution as "sheer harassment and a gigantic waste of time." Paone was incredulous. "You mean he can keep it that way?" he asked. Paone has vowed to continue "bugging the city" for action. But he apparently won't be getting much cooperation from Audrey Parr, the assistant district attorney who prosecuted the case. Confides Parr: "It's too bad. But I was not really surprised by the verdict. The jury could have gone either way. After all, a man's home is his castle." Even if it is a dump.

JON KELLER

Photograph by Richard Howard

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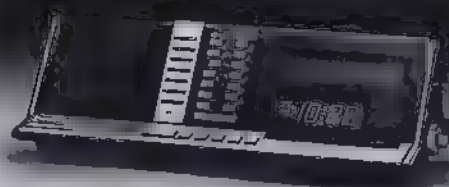
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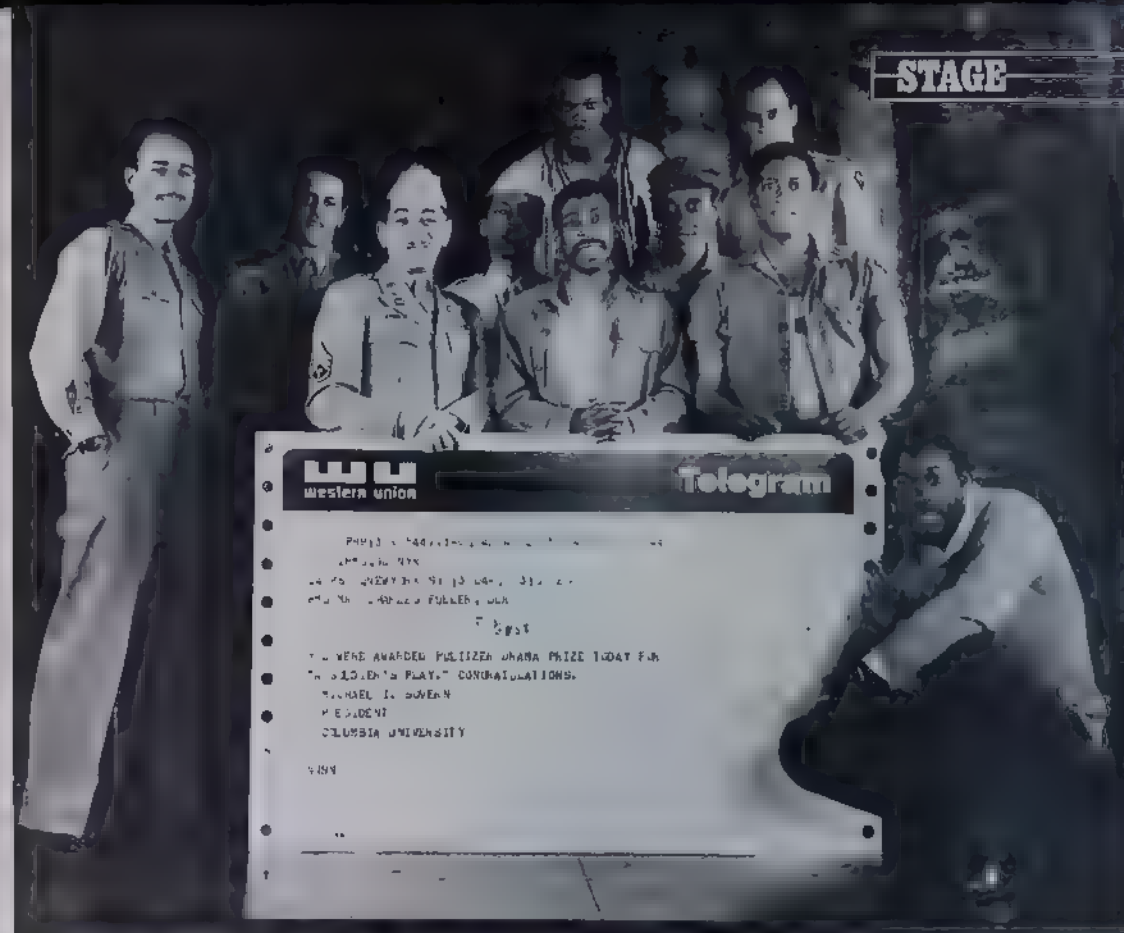


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Fuller (right) poses with the cast of *A Soldier's Play* around a blowup of the telegram announcing he had won a Pulitzer. He is only the second black playwright to win the prize (Charles Gordone was the first, for *No Place to Be Somebody*).

CHARLES FULLER SAT DOWN TO WRITE A BLACK BILLY BUDD— AND WOUND UP WITH A PULITZER

Back when he was a city housing inspector in gritty North Philadelphia, Charles Fuller felt whipsawed by racial tensions among blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites. So he and some friends turned to a neighborhood church and began putting on plays that examined the community's problems. One, he remembers, showed "Puerto Ricans and blacks arguing with each other, while other people stole their television sets."

Fuller has been making points with his dramas ever since. His 1976 breakthrough hit, *The Brownsville Raid*, viv-

idly documented racial injustice at the turn of the century. Then last year Fuller was devastated by the sudden death after a heart attack of a childhood friend and fellow playwright, Larry Neal. Fuller resolved to pay homage to his friend by writing a play. The result, *A Soldier's Play*, has more than succeeded. An off-Broadway hit (it's still playing to packed houses), it won critical praise, a reported \$500,000 movie deal from Warner Brothers, and—most triumphantly—the 1982 Pulitzer Prize for drama. "It's marvelous," says Fuller, 43, a gentle and soft-

spoken man who still makes his home in Philadelphia. "I'm sure Larry's karma is out there somewhere, smiling."

Based loosely on Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*, *A Soldier's Play* is a semitriller set in Fort Neal, La. in 1944. It explores the plight of Sgt. Vernon Waters, who mercilessly rides his black troops in a vain attempt to win the respect of his white Army superiors. He is murdered and the question is—by whom? The protagonist, Capt. Richard Davenport, is fashioned in part after Neal. Notably, he is inquisitive and proud, "almost cocky." Says Fuller: "I

CONTINUED

Photographs by ©Jill Kremenitz

wanted to do something Larry would be delighted by." Raved theater critic Frank Rich, a member of the Pulitzer jury: "It refracts the effects of racism through people, without having us watch a fire-breathing white racist slap someone around."

While Neal provided the inspiration and Melville the model for *A Soldier's Play*, Fuller attributes the special

stamp of his work to his upbringing. He grew up in a North Philadelphia housing project. His extended family included his two sisters, his brickmason grandfather and sundry relatives and foster and adopted siblings, "all sharing each other's problems." But he says, "Life was simply not fraught with the difficulties most people associate with black people. They worked hard, they saved—all those unassuming, simple things that people do. And there is a sense of completion in their lives." From his printer father, who died last year, Fuller gained "the knowledge that I could do anything I set my mind to." In his mother, Lillian, who cried for hours when he won the Pulitzer, he found his "biggest booster."

At Roman Catholic High School he and his friend Larry raced each other to read every book in the school library. Charles briefly belonged to a North Philadelphia gang, chased girls with his peers, and dreamed of becoming a writer. Three years at Villanova were followed by four years as an Army petroleum lab technician in Japan and Korea. ("I don't talk about the Army at all, ever," he says. "That part of me is on the stage.") Back in Philadelphia during the 1960s, he worked as a loan collector for a bank, minorities counselor at Temple University, and as a housing inspector. At night he wrote poetry, fiction and essays. "In those days what I wrote always pointed toward a stronger sense of self. Some of my work," he recalls, "was antiwhite."

Fuller decided in 1970 to devote himself full-time to playwriting. Two years later he moved to New York with his wife, Miriam, now 43. There he was supported by a steady stream of grants. Nine plays later, Fuller is reluctant to call himself a "black playwright." "I write for Americans," he says. "I want to show that black people are more than the fat mother, the prodigal son, the poet daughter." Especially irksome to him is the notion that "when a black person sits down to write, all they have on their minds is white people. It's nonsense."

At the moment Fuller has a new play on his mind. Yet he is unwilling to talk about it for fear he will give "part of it away" and thereby lose "the advantage of surprising the audience." One Broadway regular who eagerly awaits Fuller's next effort is Lena Horne. "After seeing *A Soldier's Play*," says Lena, "I'm not surprised that it won the Pulitzer Prize—just damned grateful."

JULIA M. KLEIN



When he received the Theater Club medal in New York (above), Fuller was mobbed by genteel autograph hounds.

Fuller and his wife, Miriam, share a ranch house in Northeast Philadelphia with sons Charles, 17, and David, 14.



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**AT HOME OR OVERSEAS,
MARK WEINBERG HELPS THE
PRESIDENT MEET THE PRESS**

LOOKOUT A GUIDE TO THE MAN AND HIS WORK



Rarely far from the President at the White House, Weinberg grabbed a quick nap on Helmut Schmidt's lawn during Reagan's recent trip abroad.

"If I say the wrong thing, the stock market could crumble," frets **Mark Weinberg**, 25. "Not because of me, a kid from Shaker Heights, but because of the title that goes with my name."

As an assistant press secretary to the President of the United States, Weinberg spends one-fourth of his time accompanying Ronald Reagan on his trips out of Washington. Handpicked by Press Secretary Jim Brady to fill the \$28,245-a-year post, he has emerged as one of Reagan's most ubiquitous aides as he shepherds the reporters and photographers who follow the President, occasionally fills in as White House spokesman, or acts as liaison to the Secret Service and military communications staff. During Reagan's recent 10-day European trip, for example, Weinberg was up at 5:30 every morning and worked until 3 a.m. the next day. "I learned to sleep in about any position, in a helicopter or a motorcade; I'd close my eyes for five minutes and be fine for the next few hours."

The son of a shopping center executive and a placement counselor, Weinberg got into politics in 1979 when he left George Washington University just six credits shy of a journalism degree to jump on John Connally's presidential bandwagon. When the Connally campaign fizzled, Weinberg followed Brady to Reagan's camp and in 1981 was named to one of the two assistant press secretary posts. (The other is held by C. Anson Franklin, 35.) Last year, when the President and Brady were shot, Weinberg accompanied Brady's wife, Sarah, to the hospital and stayed to comfort her throughout the first anxious night.

Now, after his 11-hour workdays, bachelor Weinberg draws duty many weekends at Camp David with the Reagans and says, "Next to my parents, they are my favorite couple." Although he vows to get his degree, he doubts he will pursue a Washington career. Instead, he plans to become a public relations man in Hollywood. "It is," he explains, "the same kind of adrenaline-producing industry." □

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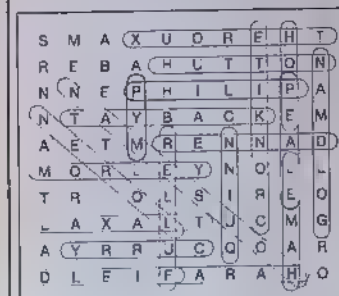
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Clues

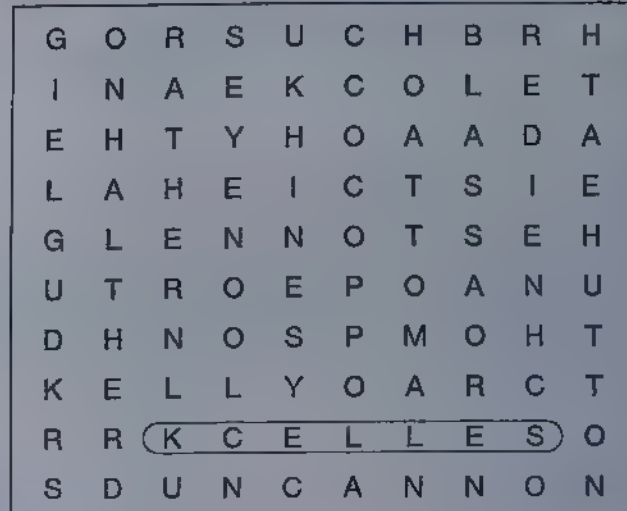
1. Graduating *Magnum* cum laude
2. *Original* Sinner
3. New Garden Statesman
4. Pregnant Peter Pan
5. Best supporting butler
6. Salt Lake state's junior solon
7. *Sophisticated Ladies'* man
8. *Celebrity* seeker
9. Big-band warbler
10. One of Hazzard's Dukes
11. Jazzy siblings
12. He's Tapped for stardom
13. *Which Way's* bewitching lady
14. Always clowning around
15. Britain's Iron Lady . . .
16. . . and her defender
17. Al's gal in *Author!* *Author!*
18. The original raging bul.
19. Director with *Heart* failure
20. D.C.'s his orbit now

Answers to June 21 Puzzle

1. Prince Philip 2. Sophia Loren 3. Empress Farah
4. Paul Theroux 5. Vic Tayback 6. Walter Cronkite 7. Aileen Quinn 8. Tim Curry 9. Norman Vincent Peale 10. Lauren Hutton 11. Sally Field
12. Robert Morley 13. William Goldman 14. Paul Laxalt 15. Veronica Hamel 16. Bob Hope
17. Buckminster Fuller 18. Francis Pym 19. Blythe Danner 20. John Houseman



The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling SELLECK, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.



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CONTROVERSY

Maureen Frieder, 39, a Roman Catholic nun. "It is a religious witness."

Their hope is that the moral force of their suffering—a tactic shared by Ireland's IRA hunger strikers—will inspire an affirmative vote from Illinois, one of the three states that must ratify the now expiring Equal Rights Amendment before its June 30 deadline. "People have come by the thousands, telling us how much they're feeling," says Sonia Johnson, 46, who stirred an earlier cause célèbre in 1979 when she was excommunicated from the Mormon Church because of her support for the ERA. "Anyone who says equal justice for women is dead is wrong."

Every weekday the women are dressed by their supporters (they are too weak to do so themselves) and are driven from a Springfield motel to the capitol in a van rented by Gloria Steinem. There they sit quietly—or lie on reclining wheelchairs—for three hours, or as long as their strength permits. The women have said that they are obsessed with fantasies of food—their dreams range from chicken soup to chocolate mousse—but they con-

fine themselves to a gallon each of bottled water a day.

Many people are worried about their health. Johnson has been hospitalized three times for chemical abnormalities in her blood, she is now confined to a wheelchair. Down from 122 pounds to 99, she has difficulty raising her arm to shake hands. California businesswoman Zoe Ann Ananda, 33, has lost the most weight—32 pounds. Three weeks ago her vision began to blur. "Toxins began to drain from every orifice," she recalls. "My breath was terrible."

Chicago weight-loss specialist Dr. Arthur Kunitz warns that the women's bodies may now be consuming protein from such vital organs as the heart and liver. "They are not fasting," he says. "Fasting is a controlled intake of nutrients. This is starvation." (To counteract ill effects, the women now drink a potassium-and-sodium supplement.)

Though weakened and gaunt, the women have made clear that they do not intend to fast to the grim end. "It is not our purpose to die," says Dina Bachelor, 40, a Los Angeles grandmother. "We've chosen to do a

spiritual fast of changing hearts toward righteousness. It is a life-giving process."

Most observers say that the ERA itself is dead in Illinois. The House has already rejected the ERA 10 times and seems unmoved by the sight of eight emaciated protesters under its roof. "I'm concerned for their health, but I'm not going to change my vote," says House Speaker and ERA opponent George Ryan. "That's not the way to legislate." With one lawmaker, the fast has been counterproductive. Republican Sen. Forest Etheredge, an ERA supporter, vows to withhold his "Yes" vote until the women abandon their protest. "I deplore the development of a media event on the front porch of Illinois by women trying to manipulate the legislature," he says.

All the women look forward to ending the fast by June 30. But spokeswoman Johnson promises that even if the ERA is defeated, there will be other protests. "Women see hope not just for the ERA but for the women's movement," she says. "The women's movement has just begun." GARY S. RUDERMAN

With fellow faster Zoe Ann Ananda by her side, a seriously weakened Dina Bachelor is helped by a supporter to continue her sit-in.

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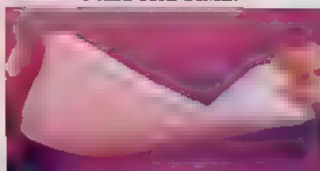


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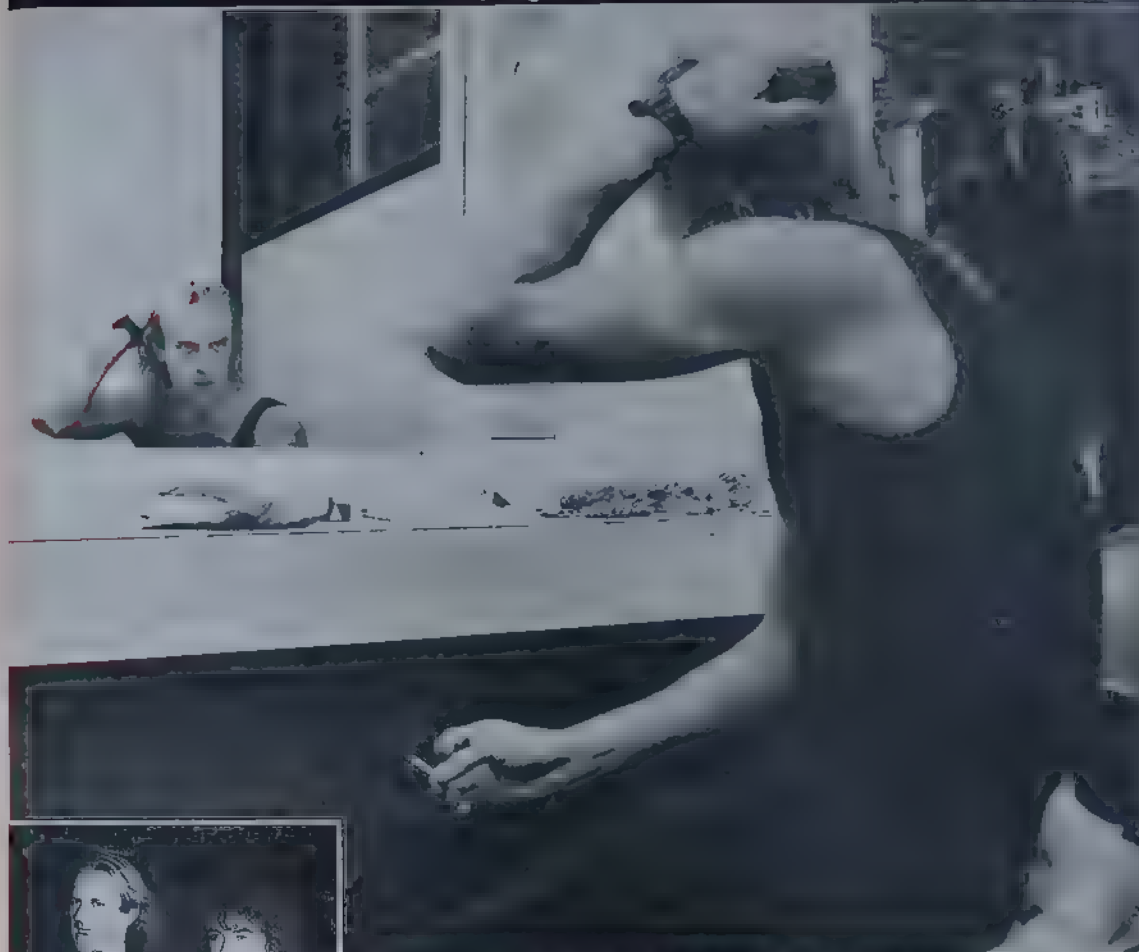
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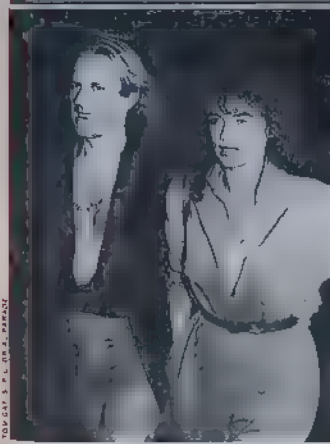
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SEQUEL



BOUNCED BY BARYSHNIKOV, BALLET'S ALEXANDER GODUNOV FINDS SOLACE WITH JACKIE BISSET



Godunov, sporting a décolleté deeper than
sweetheart Jacqueline Bisset during a night
out in New York, was in a more contemplative
mood before a rehearsal in North Carolina
earlier this month.

When Bolshoi ballet star Alexander
Godunov defected to the U.S. from the
Soviet Union three years ago, he
hoped he had escaped the byzantine
politics that were stunting his profes-
sional and personal life. Now, he says,
he's not so sure. Earlier this month he
was abruptly dropped from his \$5,500-
a-week job as the macho star of New
York's American Ballet Theatre. The
parting of the ways is especially pain-
ful for Godunov because the man who

dismissed him is ABT's 34-year-old di-
rector and star, Mikhail Baryshnikov, a
fellow defector whom Godunov has
known as "Misha" ever since the two
were schoolboy rivals for some five
years at the prestigious state ballet
school in Riga, Latvia. "He threw me
away like a potato peel," says Godu-
nov, 32, known as "Sasha" to his
friends. "Nobody prepared me. Misha
sees me every day at the theater. He
does not talk to me. He just informed

CONTINUED
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In North Carolina, Godunov escaped his troubles with a collegial splash among members of his traveling dance troupe.

my manager and threw me out. It smells like Russia."

Baryshnikov insists that the dismissal—officially, a request that Godunov take a leave of absence for the coming fall season—is only temporary. "I do not understand all the furor," says Baryshnikov. "All that had been discussed was a leave for the next season because of the repertoire. I have always had the warmest feelings for Mr. Godunov, and I give him my best wishes for the future."

Some ABT observers see the rift as the inevitable result of a stylistic clash: Baryshnikov is short (5'7"), an artistic master of line and classic style; by contrast, Godunov, 6'2", bare-chested and wild-maned, is dance's incredible hulk, idolized in Russia as a brute poet. At the very least, Baryshnikov's dropping Godunov's primary roles at ABT, *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*, without offering any major new ones seems a clear signal that Godunov's immediate future with ABT has been short-circuited. Godunov admits he had been receiving disturbing signals. "I asked Misha if I could dance *Apollo*," he says, "and I was told that [choreographer] George Balanchine had only given it for Misha to dance. I asked for *Push Comes to Shove*—'only for Misha.' I asked for *The Prodigal Son*. I was told it's a ballet only for short men, but I've seen other tall men dance it."

At least Godunov has some consolation during his travail, in the form of actress Jacqueline (*Rich and Famous*) Bisset, his sweetheart soon after they met through a mutual friend a year

ago. Jackie flew from the West Coast and was with him after he got the news. "We're very serious," says Godunov, though both refuse to confirm strong rumors that they plan to marry soon. (He is free to wed, since his wife, Bolshoi dancer Ludmila Vlasova, who elected not to defect with him, divorced him last February to marry an opera singer.) Recalls Bisset, 37, of their first meeting: "Before the lunch was over I said to myself, 'I know who he is.' I can't explain exactly what I mean—it's just sometimes you get a very clear feeling about people, and I did about him. I found him very forceful, intellectually curious and very natural. He seems to me a person who's completely at ease with himself and others—but very sensitive."

They often fly cross-country to visit each other, and she has shown up to watch him rehearse. "They're just very warm with each other, very intimate and soft-spoken around each other," says former ABT dancer Rebecca Wright. "And when Jackie watches him dance, her face is ecstatic." Bisset, who took ballet lessons herself as a young girl, is also drawn by what goes on behind the curtain. "I'm very curious about the world of ballet," she says. "It's a whole different sphere than I'm used to, full of intrigue."

Alas, not all of it is pleasant. "I was honestly surprised," says Godunov, "but I've had many surprises in Russia,

so I go through it. I didn't cry or spend the night in Central Park." With an eye toward the future, he has been taking acting lessons—and was asked by Bo Derek if he would like to play the Devil in her upcoming film about Adam and Eve. He's currently on a six-week

cross-country tour of the U.S., as previously planned, with a small eight-dancer exhibition troupe he organized, and he has had feelers from ballet companies around the world. But his heart clearly beckons him to the creativity—and security—of ABT. "It is

one of the best companies in the world, a place where you can use your classical training and try new things," says Godunov, adding, "Misha should talk to me—even if it is a decision like that. This is not right."

BARBARA ROWES and SUE REILLY



Rehearsing the Devil-obsessed violinist of *Paganini*, Godunov displays the passion and animal strength that are his hallmarks.

CHATTER

Buzzwords One almost has to be an entomologist to follow politics these days, what with all those insects flying around in Washington. First there were the Boll Weevils—the name given to conservative Southern Democrats in the House of Representatives. Then came the Gypsy Moths—Republican moderates from the Northeast and Midwest—and the Yellow Jackets—conservative Republicans. Now Dick Conlon, head of the Democratic Study Group, has expanded the nomenclature to include the Horseflies (rural Congressmen), Ladybugs (women Reps), Tsetse Flies (those legislators who drone on and on) and Bumblebees (committee chairmen who “are ferocious but don’t sting that often”). The most common bugs on the Hill, though, are mosquitoes. “Mosquitoes are pests,” explains the partisan Conlon. “They’re all Republicans.”

Sit-comment Sally Struthers, who will have her own series, *Gloria*, in the fall, isn’t sure *All in the Family* was a consciousness raiser in every household where it was seen. “I guess there were a lot of viewers who watched every week and yelled, ‘Right on, Archie!’ when he would utter those ridiculous, bigoted statements,” she concedes. “But at least it kept the bigots off the street for a half hour.”

Coeducation Faced with rising costs and cuts in student aid, Lake Erie College, a liberal arts school for women in Painesville, Ohio, is offering a special enrollment discount for twins: two for the price of one. An anonymous donor volunteered to pick up the tab for one twin if the second paid her own bills—around \$7,595 a year. So far three sets of twins have been admitted for the fall semester—and the offer is still open.

Honorable Men-tion In its July issue, which marks the magazine’s 10th anniversary, *Ms.* is publishing a list of 40 men who have helped advance feminist causes. Among



Alan Alda:
Ladies’ man



Sally Struthers:
Street smart



James Coco:
Hold the mayo

those cited are Alan Alda, Phil Donahue and Ed Asner, all obvious choices. But there were a few surprises too. John Lennon was picked, in part “for his public example of a partnership marriage.” Benjamin Spock was named for demonstrating “the courage and grace to publicly change his mind and revise his classic *Baby and Child Care*,” Garry Trudeau for “his personal support of women who want to follow Joanie Caucus into politics,” and John Irving, amazingly, “for understanding that feminist excesses are funny.”

Water on the Brain Arthur Miller, who is unusually choosy about his public appearances, surfaced recently with the likes of Meryl Streep and Jill Clayburgh at an anti-nuke benefit in Manhattan. Taking the mike, the 66-year-old playwright told a story intended to express his distaste for things nuclear. Several years ago, Miller said, he was flying from New York to L.A. seated next to a civil engineer. As they flew over the vast Southwestern desert, Miller remarked that such landscape was one thing man could never change. Not so, responded the engineer, who proceeded to tell Miller how 40 million people could live in the desert. All it would take, he said, was water, and that could be obtained by using nuclear blasts to reach vast underground reserves. “Nuclear blasts? Wouldn’t that contaminate the water?” asked Miller. “I don’t know,” the engineer replied blandly. “That’s not my field.”

Some Kind of Hero Actor James Coco, who is writing a book about the 100-plus pounds he shed, admits he did it without giving up chocolate, a fitting obsession considering his name. In a 1983 calendar for choco-holics, Coco discloses that “as a baby I asked for chocolate bars instead of bottles.” He also describes his favorite fantasy sandwich: “First take a big loaf of Italian bread and slice it in half the long way. Then layer in cheese, salami, ham, bologna—and cover the top with Hershey bars.” Yum.

NEXT WEEK IN PEOPLE

Star Trek’s hero, William Shatner

The *Enterprise* cruises back, and so does its skipper with actress wife Marcy Lafferty and a new TV series

Marie Osmond joins a stampede to the altar

Cindy Williams, Kate Jackson, Diana Rigg, Pat Benatar, et al. decorate the season’s bouquet of famous brides

Bryant Gumbel tries to wake up Today

Despite a grueling schedule, NBC’s affable anchorman finds it tough to win the morning show sweepstakes

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